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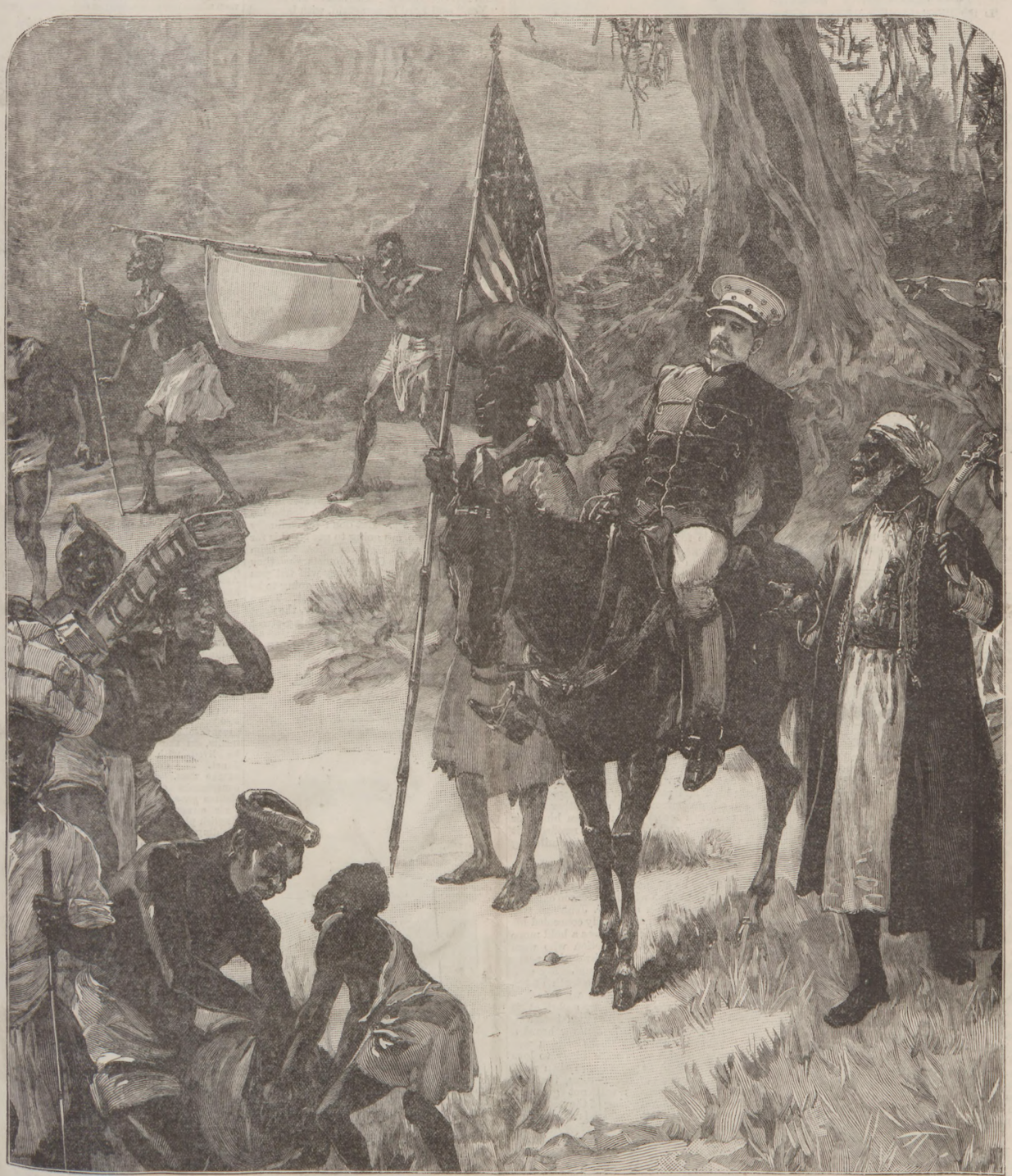

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

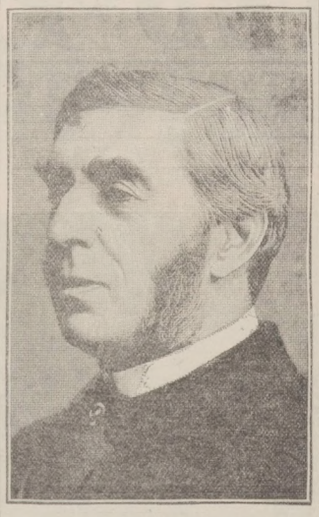
PERSONAL POLITICS

Mr. Goschen's Millions.

"LET us sit on the ground and talk of dead kings," said Shelley once in a company of strangers, who were greatly alarmed at the prospect of his doing anything of the kind. Let me talk of millions, which is a much more comfortable subject. Mr. Goschen's millions are a favourite topic in Press and political circles just now. Beyond doubt the Chancellor of the Exchequer is a happy man. He is bound to have about five millions surplus, and he may have five and a half millions. So much the better. Trade is now travelling definitely on an upward curve, and it is likely to continue some time longer in that direction. The question is—What is Mr. Goschen, who is not only an expert financier but a very wily tactician, going to do with his money? Well, he can do several very obvious things. He can halve the tea duty for about two millions. He can take a penny off the income tax for the same sum. He can give free education for a trifle less than that sum. His entire surplus would enable him to take off the whole of what are popularly known as the breakfast-table duties. According to the *Times* he will divide his Budget between a penny off the income tax and free education. According to other people, he will concentrate his attention on the income tax, in which case he can take off twopence with ease, and have a million or a million and a half to play with.

A Great Opportunity.

Mr. Goschen may be trusted to make a skilful use of these opportunities. His Budgets have not been, perhaps, of the great Gladstonian order, when our trade was in the leaps and bounds stage, but they have been clear and interesting expositions of the complicated financial situation produced by the Local Government Bill, and they have shown a good deal of downright deftness. Of course, the City has not always been pleased with Mr. Goschen's little arrangements. The enormously remunerative Stamp duty hasn't



THE RIGHT HON. G. J. GOSCHEN, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

pleased the Stock Exchange, and holders of Consols naturally didn't approve of the Conversion scheme. But these are the incidents of office, the drop of sour in the cup of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. On the whole, Mr. Goschen is one of the successes of the Government. The only question is whether he is equal to the doing of the great things which seem to be awaiting him.

A Dissolution.

The most extraordinary rumour which has grown out of the prospects of the great show Budget which is coming as the only financial *coup* since the days of Mr. Gladstone's first Ministry, when the income tax was within an ace of being abolished altogether, is that it is so big as to offer a very fine opportunity for a dissolution. The journalist who is responsible for this extraordinary rumour is Mr. Jennings, the Conservative member for Stockport, an adherent of Lord Randolph's, and a man who has had a wide experience of journalism on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Jennings was editor of the *New York Times* when that journal unmasked the vast conspiracy against city life known as the Tammany Ring. In this country he is known as a Randolphian Tory, a more or less successful literary man and journalist. He has written a book on Mr. Gladstone, and has been London Correspondent for the *Yorkshire Post*, a bit of a fair-trader, a clear but not attractive speaker, and a writer of considerable and sometimes rather caustic point. He has temporarily taken the *New York Herald* in hand, and has made it the organ of the most positive statement of an approaching dissolution which I remember to have seen in print. Mr. Jennings is personally a man with a singularly high and rather quaintly shaped forehead, a keen narrow face, and rather an old and careworn face. I went to see him over his statement, and found that he reaffirmed it in the most unqualified and unhesitating fashion. What is the truth in it?

Manœuvre or Canard?

Well, it may be a canard such as newspapers occasionally publish with little reason enough. But I do not think so. Mr. Jennings was quite frank about it, and hardly concealed his opinion that the publication was a bold move on the part of an official section who were very anxious that the pro-dissolution party should not get the upper hand. My own impression is that, if this is the truth of the story, the Tory councillors who were at Mr. Jennings's ear were mistaken, and that it would pay the Government much better to dissolve now than in 1892. I never heard a Tory yet who thought that Coercion was popular, or that people were likely to love it better two or three years hence than now. Moreover, there is—even supposing that the revolt against Coercion will not grow in intensity—the natural swing of the pendulum from one side to another which is so common in English politics, and which represents the natural and quite illogical instinct of the average Briton to "give the other fellows a chance." Finally, I do not think the Liberals are anything like as well prepared as they might be. In Lancashire they are notoriously unready, and I could tell a tale of some constituencies that would open the eyes of the wirepullers. No doubt in some quarters they may reasonably count on large gains. In Scotland a Unionist told me that Mr. Gladstone will secure from fifty to sixty seats. In London the party managers expect gains, the minimum of which is placed at a dozen and the maximum at thirty. But in the North the calculation is much less easy, and it is quite possible that some seats that were won in 1886 might be lost now. However, in any case, the dissolution is not now likely to come off.

"The Life of Lord Beaconsfield."

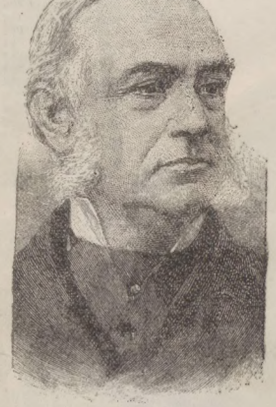
Messrs. Chatto and Windus have sent me a copy of a new five-shilling edition of Mr. T. P. O'Connor's "Life of Lord Beaconsfield." The receipt of the book reminds me of a funny and true story of Lord Beaconsfield. The then Premier was asked whether he had read Mr. O'Connor's "scurrilous" life of him. "Yes," said Lord Beaconsfield, with his usual coolness, "I have read it. But why do you call it scurrilous? It is quite true." There is a frankness about this which is—well, I was going to say—charming. It may be cynical; but I confess I think better of Lord Beaconsfield for saying it.

Our Portuguese Policy.

I suppose Lord Salisbury must be regarded as having secured a complete triumph for his African policy. I confess I never saw any reason to forecast any different result. Portugal meant to surrender all along. Why, just think of the way our African Empire is extending! I remember the time when Sir Bartle Frere—a member of the forward party, if any man was—protested against the annexationist designs which were in progress before the Transvaal, and declared that if we were not careful we should soon be responsible for a railway to the Zambesi. Why, bless our hearts and souls! the Portuguese are now willing to give us a clear line of Empire right away from Capetown to the Equatorial Lakes. I am astonished that the Press does not take due account of this unparalleled gift, which must be the beginning of a new Empire in Africa, covering the most coveted trade routes and the richest territories in that extraordinary continent. Having got all this, we shall, of course, proceed to elbow poor little Portugal out of the coast settlements at Loanda on the west and Mozambique on the east. Of course, we shall then have to settle accounts with Germany; and that will be a rather different affair from the Portuguese imbroglio. But the chances are that, even as against Germany, we shall get the lion's share. There is really nothing to stop us. We have the most capital, the best base of operations in Capetown, and the most enterprising race for colonisation and trade purposes. But don't let us fondly imagine that we are going to get all this for the British Empire unfettered by contest from Capetown. Ask the Cape colonists what they think of the matter, and they will tell you that the forward move in Africa is going to be for their benefit and aggrandisement. There will be the real tug-of-war—namely, the fight between the Imperialists of Downing-street and the Home Rulers of the Cape.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.



Professor Max Muller.

ONE of the most interesting figures I noticed at the funeral of Browning the other day was Professor Max Müller. After his admirable speech on India at the instigation of the Prince of Wales last Saturday, everyone will be interested in his portrait. The distinguished philologist carries very lightly his sixty-seven years. His father was a famous German poet, Wilhelm Müller, and young Max was born at Dessau in 1823, and was educated at Leipzig. Very early in life he took to philology and learnt Sanskrit. He came to England in 1846, and began to edit the Vedas, the Hindoo religious books, for the East India Company. Since then his home has been at Oxford, where he has held the post of sub-librarian of the Bodleian, and more recently of Professor of Comparative Philology. The professor speaks English better than the majority of the inhabitants of his adopted land. He married an English wife, a niece of Canon Kingsley, and he is a general favourite in this country. His most attractive books are the "Lectures on the Science of Language" and "Chips from a German Workshop." The former in its details as to the origin of words is more fascinating than most novels, and the latter gave the first popular account of the religious systems of other lands. The School for Modern Oriental Studies, established by the Imperial Institute in conjunction with University College and King's College, could not have been inaugurated more fitly than it was by the Prince and Professor Max Müller. Right seasonably and eloquently did Max Müller say: "The true conquerors of India, of the heart of India, will be those very men whom our new School of Oriental Languages means to fit for their arduous work. . . . I have never been in India; but I have known many Indians, both men and women, and I do not exaggerate when I tell you that some of them need fear no comparison with the best men and women whom it has been my good fortune to know in England, France, or Germany. Whether for unselfishness, or devotion to high ideals, truthfulness, purity, and real living religion, I know no hero greater than Keshub Chunder Sen, no heroine greater than Ramabai, and I am proud to have been allowed to count both among my best friends."

Mr. Henry M. Stanley,

the resourceful rescuer of Emin Pasha, tarries in Egypt, and judiciously braces himself in the balmy atmosphere of Cairo prior to regaining gruesome Old England, to undergo a fresh round of feasting and hero-worship. This masterful little man, personification of quiet resolution and indomitable pluck, lately let the world know how deeply he was shocked when he returned to his Camp on the Congo, only to find that the gallant Commander he had left behind had been killed in an encounter with the natives, and that of his white followers so few survived. The expedition illustrated occurred a long time before this. Mr. Stanley is depicted leaving Matadi, on the Congo, in the company of Tippoo Tib, who soon appears to have dropped the mask of friendliness which misled Stanley. It would be inappropriate, however, to retell this branch of the eventful story of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition in these touch-and-go columns. Far more congenial is it to record the general thankfulness prevailing that the intrepid Stanley and long-suffering Emin Pasha emerged safely from the dangers that environed them, and that Mr. Stanley will in a few weeks be among us again. One word of praise to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, not only for his thoughtful enterprise in starting the *New York Herald* Stanley Relief Expedition from Zanzibar, but also for his kindheartedness in generously making a present of £2000 to Mr. Edward Vizetelly, the successful leader of the succour party. I may add that Mr. Appleton, of Clifford's Inn, is almost overwhelmed with applications from the cities and towns longing to hear Stanley lecture; and that the genial London-American, Mr. Henry S. Wellcome, ever on hospitable thoughts intent, is organising an American banquet in London to Mr. Stanley, whose brave hand we are all wishful to grip again.

Dr. Dollinger.

The death, on the 10th inst., of Dr. Ignaz von Döllinger, at the age of ninety-one, removes a quite striking historical figure from the European stage. The story of his quarrel with the Vatican over Papal Infallibility has often been told, and it sufficeth here to say that it shook the religious life of South Germany to its foundations. Some two years ago, when in Munich, I called upon the great theologian at his house, or, rather, apartments, in the Von der Tann Strasse, where he lived with his two nieces, Elise and Janet. The doctor's library was characteristic of the man. A bust of Dante was its most conspicuous ornament, and the well-lined shelves gave indication of the wide reading of their owner. There were volumes of old English plays, and the novels of Richardson and Fielding were side by side with the classics of other lands. The doctor prided himself on his capacity as a pedestrian, but he frankly admitted that Mr. Gladstone was too much for him. When some time ago he met the G.O.M. at Lord Acton's, the great English statesman knocked him up for a week through too energetic walking.

A Fine Art Exhibition

of quite remarkable merit has been organised by Mr. Samuel J. Hodson, R.W.S., in the well-lit gallery of the Camden School of Art, 4, St. Bartholomew-road, Camden-road. This excellent Picture Show (proceeds of which are to go to the Great Northern Central Hospital) was opened on Tuesday by H.R.H. Princess Louise, who furthermore testifies her interest in the exhibition by lending three admirable paintings from her own brush—a fine Jack Tar's head, a view of Niagara Falls, and a picturesque Swiss chilet. I strongly advise everyone who can to visit this exceptionally good collection of paintings by some of our very best Artists, lent by Mr. Aird and other munificent

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Art patrons. There are some exquisitely beautiful works by Millais and Alma Tadema, Holman Hunt and Carolus Duran, Poynter and Clara Montalba (Princess Louise's tutor), Seymour Lucas and Carl Haag, S. J. Hodson and Sir Frederick Leighton. The value of this rare collection may be estimated when I add that the costly paintings are insured for over £40,000. Boosting an A 1 Headmaster in Mr. Francis Black, the Camden School of Art should deservedly prosper.

The Jubilee of the Penny Post,

established on the 10th of January, 1840, has naturally occasioned many fresh tributes to the worth of that typical Englishman, the late Sir Rowland Hill, who instituted this great reform.

STATUE OF SIR ROWLAND HILL, NEAR THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Son of a Kidderminster schoolmaster, Rowland Hill was born on Dec. 3, 1795, and lived to a ripe old age, long enough to make the British Post Office system in some respects a model of what such a public institution should be. Perhaps the best commemoration of the Jubilee, Mr. Raikes, would be to improve the lot of postmen and of postal lasses throughout the country.

Mr. F. C. Burnand.

When the curtain fell on the new burlesque, "Tra-la-la Tosca," at the Royalty Theatre the other night, and Mr. Burnand was called to the footlights, I could not help thinking how few who were present knew the immense quantity of humorous work accomplished by the genial editor of *Punch*. Born on Nov. 29, 1836, he aspired to be a dramatist when a boy at Eton, and the little piece he wrote was actually played at the Worthing Theatre. A couple of farces were produced after this, and then came his first burlesque, "Villikins and his Dinah," when he was an undergraduate at Trinity College, Cambridge. He started an amateur dramatic club at the college, and on Nov. 8, 1855, his earliest effort at burlesque was performed, and was afterwards played successfully at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. At Cambridge, also, his burlesque "Alonzo the Brave" was given in 1857. But the young dramatist was not happy until he had a piece played in London, and that event came about on Feb. 11, 1860, when his burlesque "Dido" was performed at the St. James's Theatre. This was a hit, and Mr. Burnand next wrote farces and other pieces, two or three of them being played at the Olympic, with Robson in the chief characters. At Easter 1862 his burlesque "Fair Rosamond" was specially written for Robson, and after this the fertile dramatist produced pieces literally "too numerous to mention." One of them was a serious piece, "The Deal Boatman," played at Drury-Lane in 1863. Then came a series of brilliant successes at the Strand, among them being the dashing caricature of Meyerbeer's opera "L'Africaine." But best of all, and perhaps the best burlesque ever written, was the famous "Black-Eyed Scusan," produced at the Royalty in November 1866, the wonderful success of which old playgoers have not forgotten. In May 1867 he also adapted the farce "Box and Cox" for lyric purposes, and with the charming music of Sir Arthur Sullivan it has been popular ever since. Mr. Burnand was for a long period a brilliant contributor to *Punch* before he became editor. He has a wonderful facility in adapting from the French, and he so caught the French manner that in his comedy "Our Club" people at first regarded it as a translation. His adaptation "Betsy" is one of his most successful efforts. Again, in "The Colonel," his skill in working up an old idea cannot be too highly commended. His dialogue is singularly happy, as pages from "Ixion" may testify. Of the swarms of parodies, sketches, &c., he has written it would be impossible to speak, but I may add a word of hearty praise for the innocent character of his fun.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—See Illus. Guide. 229 pages, 3 stamps. Tobacconists' Outfitting Company (Reg.), 11 and 12, Beech-street, London, E.C. Wholesale.—[ADVT.]

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The £1000 Glove Fight

in the London district on Monday last was, for a wonder, brought to an issue without any such scandalous scenes of disorder as characterised the combat near Bruges. The latest contest was between "Nunc" Wallace and George Camp. They gamely fought fourteen rounds, pluckily continuing to punch each other for close upon an hour, when Wallace was declared victor. Both Wallace and Camp displayed qualities of pluck and fair play, which should raise them in the estimation of those who favour boxing far above the better known professionals, whose proceedings have been so discreditable.

THE PROMPTER.

BRAVE LIFE-BOAT MEN.

AT a meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, held, on the 9th inst., at its house, John-street, Adelphi, the silver medal of the institution, accompanied by a copy of the vote inscribed on vellum and a pecuniary grant, was awarded to Mr. William Owen, Mr. George Jones, Mr. John Roberts, and Mr. John Morris, in recognition of their gallant conduct in putting off in a boat and rescuing three of the crew of the barque Tenby Castle, of Liverpool, which was wrecked off Penrhos Point, in Carnarvon Bay, during a strong S.W. breeze and a heavy sea on the night of the 17th ult. The second service clasp was awarded to Mr. J. O. Williams, Chief Officer of H.M.'s Coastguard at Holyhead, to whom the silver medal has already been presented for gallant services in saving life from shipwreck, in recognition of his services in going out in the boat in a subsequent attempt to rescue others of the crew of the wrecked vessel in question; and money rewards were also granted to three other men who rendered assistance on the occasion. Rewards amounting to £329 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the past month. Other rewards were also voted to the crews of shore-boats for saving life on our coasts. Payments amounting to £1059 were ordered to be made on the 293 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £1000 from the Civil Service Life-Boat Fund, for the endowment fund of the life-boat "Civil Service No. 6," now being built for Douglas, Isle of Man; also £42 to recoup the institution the amount expended by it during the past year in rewarding the crews of the Civil Service life-boats for services performed; and £50 from the Licensed Victualler Life-Boat Fund, per E. Grimwood, Esq., and A. L. Annett, Esq., in aid of the support of the "Licensed Victualler" life-boat at Hunstanton.

A Fight to the Death.—One of the keepers in Bushey Park has discovered two fine bucks, six and seven years old respectively, in a dry ditch, dead, and firmly locked together in a most remarkable manner. The right horn of the uppermost animal was firmly fixed in the mouth of the lower: the left horn of the lower one was as firmly fixed in the mouth of the upper, while the other horns were tightly clasped together. The battle that ended so fatally had evidently been a long and stubborn one, both animals having sustained severe body wounds. They had evidently died in great agony, and the jaw of the undermost animal was broken to splinters.

Emin Pasha, in sending a congratulatory telegram to some relations in Glogau who were celebrating their golden wedding, declares his state of health to be satisfactory.

THE SINEWS OF WEALTH are found in Health; and health, strength, nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, and staying power are retained and concentrated in CADBURY'S COCOA.—[ADVT.]

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

WELCOME, indeed, was the prospect of a change from the pomp, glitter, and circumstance of Pantomime pageantry (acceptable, though spectacular brilliancy is in its place) to the wit, humour, and pleasantry of our best living parodist. All who laughed and laughed again at the merriment and "go" of Mr. F. C. Burnand's unsurpassed burlesque of "Black-Eyed Scusan" cordially sympathised with Mr. Burnand when they found, on the first night of "Tra-la-la Tosca," that Mr. Arthur Roberts had not learnt his part, and utterly failed to do justice to the sparkling dialogue and mirth-moving situations devised for him. The Arthur Roberts Company, Limited, the distinguished author, and the public deserved better things of this popular low comedian, who graduated at the Music Halls, and is apparently over fond of the peculiarities of the school in which his style was first formed. Admitted his Scarpia is now a thoroughly amusing burlesque of Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Roberts cannot afford to play with his reputation. Though he conspicuously failed on the first night to develop the humour of Mr. Burnand's diverting libretto, Miss Margaret Ayrtoun (a clever and charming young artist, already portrayed in this paper as "Airey Anne") was a success from the first as an exaggerated Mrs. Bernard-Beere in "La Tosca." The Garrick *tragédienne* was travestied by Miss Ayrtoun with sustained skill in all the well-known situations rendered familiar by Sarah Bernhardt and Mrs. Bernard-Beere. In the true vein of burlesque also was Miss Liddon's Queen. At present, indeed, "Tra-la-la Tosca" goes briskly from start to finish. Much cannot be said in favour of the mild music provided; but cordial praise is but the due of vivacious Miss Agnes Delaporte and Miss Hansen as Cavaradossi and Angelotti.

Proceeding with the revivals which are to precede the favourite comedian's departure for Australia, Mr. Toole on Saturday last delighted his admirers by reviving Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale's capital comedy of "The Don" at Toole's Theatre. This is one of the best pieces Mr. Toole has had written for him, and the part of the University Don fits him like a glove. I advise all who relish hearty laughter, provoked by genuine comedy, to haste to see Mr. Toole and his company in "The Don."

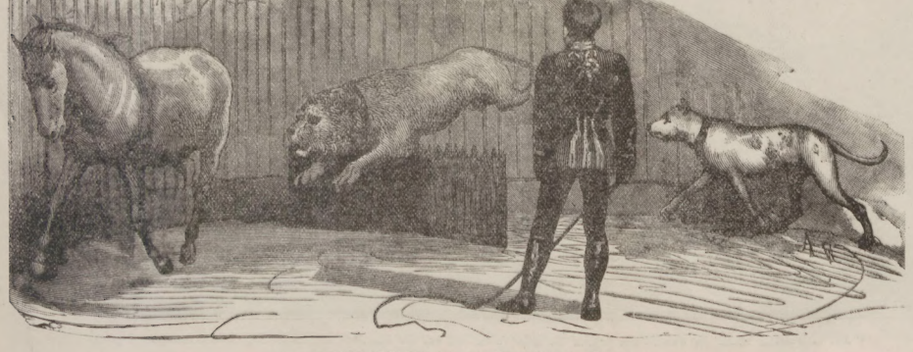
MR. TOOLE AS "THE DON."

THE LATE DR. WESTLAND MARSTON

has been followed to his grave at Highgate by the few staunch friends who to the last visited the dying dramatist at his apartments in the Euston-road. A capable playwright of the old school, when long speeches were the rule instead of natural dialogue, Westland Marston wrote some powerful plays, quite as well worth living as "The Lady of Lyons." "The Patrician's Daughter" was one of these. There was a touch of modern freshness in his Haymarket adaptation from the French for the late Mr. Sothern, "The Favourite of Fortune." But his literary life belonged to the past. In Mr. Joseph Knight, Mr. Church, and other constant friends who did not forget him in his days of misfortune, and especially in the open-hearted kindness of Mr. Irving and Mr. Toole, Dr. Westland Marston found solace when Death deprived him of the society of his blind poet son.

"London Day by Day," breeziest and liveliest melodrama on the metropolitan stage, has passed its 100th night, and is still going well at the Adelphi. Mr. Rignold's comic Jew money-lender fills the Adelphi with laughter. Humour is so skilfully blended with sensation that "London Day by Day" will run for many months to come. The same authors, Messrs. Sims and Pettitt, have achieved the success I predicted they would with "Master and Man."

THESPIS.



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BLIND LOVE.

WILKIE COLLINS'S LAST ROMANCE.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

MY LORD'S MIND.

HERE, my old vagabond Vimpany, is an interesting case for you—the cry of a patient with a sick mind. Look over it, and prescribe for your wild Irish friend, if you can.

You will perhaps remember that I have never thoroughly trusted you, in all the years since we have known each other. At this later date in our lives, when I ought to see more clearly than ever what an unfathomable man you are, am I rash enough to be capable, of taking you into my confidence?

I don't know what I am going to do. I feel like a man who has been stunned. To be told that the murderer of Arthur Mountjoy had been seen in London—to be prepared to trace him by his paltry assumed name of Carrigeen—to wait vainly for the next discovery which might bring him within reach of retribution at my hands—and then to be overwhelmed by the news of his illness, his recovery, and his disappearance: these are the blows which have stupefied me. Only think of it! He has escaped me for the second time. Fever that kills thousands of harmless creatures has spared the assassin. He may yet die in his bed, and be buried, with the guiltless dead around him, in a quiet churchyard. I can't get over it; I shall never get over it.

Add to this, anxieties about my wife, and maddening letters from creditors—and don't expect me to write reasonably.

What I want to know is whether your art (or whatever you call it) can get at my diseased mind, through my healthy body? You have more than once told me that medicine can do this. The time has come for doing it. I am in a bad way, and a bad end may follow. My only medical friend, deliver me from myself.

In any case, let me beg you to keep your temper while you read what follows.

I have to confess that the devil whose name is Jealousy has entered into me, and is threatening the tranquillity of my married life. You dislike Iris, I know—and she returns your hostile feeling towards her. Try to do my wife justice, nevertheless, as I do. I don't believe my distrust of her has any excuse—and yet, I am jealous. More unreasonable still, I am as fond of her as I was in the first days of the honeymoon. Is she as fond as ever of me? You were a married man when I was a boy. Let me give you the means of forming an opinion by a narrative of her conduct, under (what I admit to have been) very trying circumstances.

When the first information reached Iris of Hugh Mountjoy's dangerous illness we were at breakfast. It struck her dumb. She handed the letter to me, and left the table.

She showed herself again after a long absence, having something (at last) to say to her husband.

"I am innocently to blame," she began, "for the dreadful misfortune that has fallen on Mr. Mountjoy. If I had not given him a message to Mrs. Vimpany, he would never have insisted on seeing her, and would never have caught the fever. It may help me to bear my misery of self-reproach and suspense, if I am kept informed of his illness. There is no fear of infection by

"The information struck her dumb. She handed the letter to me and left the table."

my receiving letters. I am to write to a friend of Mrs. Vimpany, who lives in another house, and who will answer my inquiries. Do you object, dear Harry, to my getting news of Hugh Mountjoy every day, while he is in danger?"

I was perfectly willing that she should get that news, and she ought to have known it.

It seemed to me to be also a bad sign that she made her request with dry eyes. She must have cried, when she first heard that he was likely to sink under an attack of fever. Why were her tears kept hidden in her own room? When she came back to me, her face was pale and hard and tearless. Don't you think she might have forgotten my jealousy, when I was so careful myself not to show it? My own belief is that she was longing to go to London, and help your wife to nurse the poor man, and catch the fever, and die with him if *he* died.

Is this bitter? Perhaps it is. Tear it off, and light your pipe with it.

Well, the correspondence relating to the sick man continued every day; and every day—oh, Vimpany, another concession to my jealousy!—she handed the letters to me to read. I made excuses (we Irish are good at that, if we are good at nothing else), and declined to read the medical reports. One morning, when she opened the letter of that day, there passed over her a change which is likely to remain in my memory as long as I live. Never have I seen such an ecstasy of happiness in any woman's face as I saw when she read the lines which informed her that the fever was mastered. Iris is sweet and delicate and bright—essentially fascinating, in a word. But she was never a beautiful woman, until she knew that Mountjoy's life was safe; and she will never be a beautiful woman again, unless the time comes when my death leaves her free to marry him. On her wedding-day he will see the transformation that I saw—and he will be dazzled as I was.

I shall keep these pages open for a few days more, on the chance of something happening which may alter my present position for the better.

My position has altered for the worse.

I have been obliged to fill my empty purse, for a little while, by means of a bit of stamped paper. And how shall I meet my liabilities when the Note falls due? Let time answer the question: for the present the evil day is put off. In the meanwhile, if that literary speculation of yours is answering no better than my newspaper, I can lend you a few pounds to get on with. What do you say (on second thoughts) to coming back to your old quarters at Passy, and giving me your valuable advice by word of mouth instead of by letter?

Come, and feel my pulse, and look at my tongue—and tell me how these various anxieties of mine are going to end, before we are any of us a year older. Shall I, like you, be separated from my wife—at her request; oh, not at mine! Or shall I be locked up in prison? And what will become of You? Do you take the hint, doctor?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE DOCTOR MEANS MISCHIEF.

On the day after Lord Harry's description of the state of his mind reached London, a gentleman presented himself at the publishing office of Messrs. Boldside Brothers, and asked for the senior partner, Mr. Peter Boldside. When he sent in his card, it bore the name of "Mr. Vimpany."

"To what fortunate circumstance am I indebted, sir, for the honour of your visit?" the senior partner inquired. His ingratiating manners, his genial smile, his roundly resonant voice, were personal advantages of which he made a merciless use. The literary customer who entered the office, hesitating before the question of publishing a work at his own expense, generally decided to pay the penalty when he encountered Mr. Peter Boldside.

"I want to inquire about the sale of my work," Mr. Vimpany replied.

"Ah, doctor, you have come to the wrong man. You must go to my brother."

Mr. Vimpany protested. "You mentioned the terms when I first applied to you," he said, "and you signed the agreement."

"That is in *my* department," the senior partner gently explained. "And I shall write the cheque when, as we both hope, your large profits will fall due. But our sales of works are in the department of my brother, Mr. Paul Boldside." He rang a bell; a clerk appeared, and received his instructions: "Mr. Paul. Good morning, doctor."

Mr. Paul was, personally speaking, his brother repeated—without the deep voice, and without the genial smile. Conducted to the office of the junior partner, Mr. Vimpany found himself in the presence of a stranger, occupied in turning over the pages of a newspaper. When his name was announced, the publisher started, and handed his newspaper to the doctor.

"This is a coincidence," he said. "I was looking, sir, for your name in the pages which I have just put into your hand. Surely the editor can't have refused to publish your letter?"

Mr. Vimpany was sober, and therefore sad, and therefore (again) not to be trifled with by a mystifying reception. "I don't understand you," he answered gruffly. "What do you mean?"

"Is it possible that you have not seen last week's number of the paper?" Mr. Paul asked.

"And you a literary man!" He forthwith produced the last week's number, and opened it at the right place. "Read that, sir," he said, with something in his manner which looked like virtuous indignation.

Mr. Vimpany found himself confronted by a letter addressed to the editor. It was signed by an eminent physician, whose portrait had appeared in the first serial part of the new work—accompanied by a brief memoir of his life, which purported to be written by himself. Not one line of the autobiography (this celebrated person declared) had proceeded from his pen. Mr. Vimpany had impudently published an imaginary memoir, full of false reports and scandalous inventions—and this after he had been referred to a trustworthy source for the necessary particulars. Stating these facts, the indignant physician cautioned readers to beware of purchasing a work which, so far as he was concerned, was nothing less than a fraud on the public.

"If you can answer that letter, sir," Mr. Paul Boldside resumed, "the better it will be, I can tell you, for the sale of your publication."

Mr. Vimpany made a reckless reply: "I want to know how the thing sells. Never mind the letter."

"Never mind the letter?" the junior partner repeated. "A positive charge of fraud is advanced by a man at the head of his profession against a work which *we* have published—and you say, Never mind the letter."

The rough customer of the Boldsides struck his fist on the table. "Bother the letter! I insist on knowing what the sale is."

Still preserving his dignity, Mr. Paul (like Mr. Peter) rang for the clerk, and briefly gave an order. "Mr. Vimpany's account," he said—and proceeded to admonish Mr. Vimpany himself.

"You appear, sir, to have no defence of your conduct to offer. Our firm has a reputation to preserve. When I have consulted with my brother, we shall be under the disagreeable necessity"——

Here (as he afterwards told his brother) the publisher was brutally interrupted by the author.

"If you will have it," said this rude man, "here it is in two words. The doctor's portrait is the likeness of an ass. As he couldn't do it himself, I wanted materials for writing his life. He referred me to the year of his birth, the year of his marriage, the year of this, that, and the other. Who cares about dates? The public likes to be tickled by personal statements. Very well—I tickled the public. There you have it in a nutshell."

The clerk appeared at that auspicious moment, with the author's account neatly exhibited under two sides: a Debtor side, which represented the expenditure of Hugh Mountjoy's money; and a Creditor side, which represented (so far) Mr. Vimpany's profits. Amount of these last: £3 14s. 10d.

Mr. Vimpany tore up the account, threw the pieces in the face of Mr. Paul, and expressed his sentiments in one opprobrious word: "Swindlers!"

The publisher said: "You shall hear of us, sir, through our lawyer."

And the author answered: "Go to the devil!"

Once out in the streets again, the first open door at which Mr. Vimpany stopped was the door of a tavern. He ordered a glass of brandy and water, and a cigar.

It was then the hour of the afternoon, between the time of luncheon and the time of dinner, when the business of a tavern is generally in a state of suspense. The dining-room was empty when Mr. Vimpany entered it; and the waiter's unoccupied attention was in want of an object. Having nothing else to notice, he looked at the person who had just come in. The deluded stranger was drinking fiery potato-brandy, and smoking (at the foreign price) an English cigar. Would his taste tell him the melancholy truth? No: it seemed to matter nothing to him what he was drinking or what he was smoking. Now he looked angry, and now he looked puzzled; and now he took a long letter from his pocket, and read it in places, and marked the places with a pencil. "Up to some mischief," was the waiter's interpretation of these signs. The stranger ordered a second glass of grog, and drank it in gulps, and fell into such deep thought that he let his cigar go out. Evidently, a man in search of an idea. And, to all appearance, he found what he wanted on a sudden. In a hurry he paid his reckoning, and left his small change and his unfinished cigar on the table, and was off before the waiter could say "Thank you."

The next place at which he stopped was a fine house in a spacious square. A carriage was waiting at the door. The servant who opened the door knew him.

"Sir James is going out again, sir, in two minutes," the man said. Mr. Vimpany answered: "I won't keep him two minutes."

A bell rang from the room on the ground floor; and a gentleman came out, as Mr. Vimpany was shown in. Sir James's stethoscope was still in his hand: his latest medical fee lay on the table.

"Some other day, Vimpany," the great surgeon said: "I have no time to give you now."

"Will you give me a minute?" the humble doctor asked.

"Very well. What is it?"

"I am down in the world now, Sir James, as you know—and I am trying to pick myself up again."

"Very creditable, my good fellow. How can I help you? Come, come—out with it. You want something."

"I want your great name to do me a great service. I am going to France. A letter of introduction, from you, will open doors which might be closed to an unknown man like myself."

"What doors do you mean?" Sir James asked.

"The doors of the hospitals in Paris."

"Wait a minute, Vimpany. Have you any particular object in view?"

"A professional object, of course," the ready doctor answered. "I have got an idea for a new treatment of diseases of the lungs; and I want to see if the French have made any recent discoveries in that direction."

Sir James took up his pen—and hesitated. His ill-starred medical colleague had been his fellow-student and his friend, in the days when they were both young men. They had seen but little of each other since they had gone their different ways—one of them on the high road which leads to success, the other down the byways which end in failure. The famous surgeon felt a passing doubt of the use which his needy and vagabond inferior might make of his name. For a moment his pen was held suspended over the paper. But the man of great reputation was also a man of great heart. Old associations pleaded with him, and won their cause. His companion of former times left the house, provided with a letter of introduction to the chief surgeon of the Hôtel Dieu, in Paris.

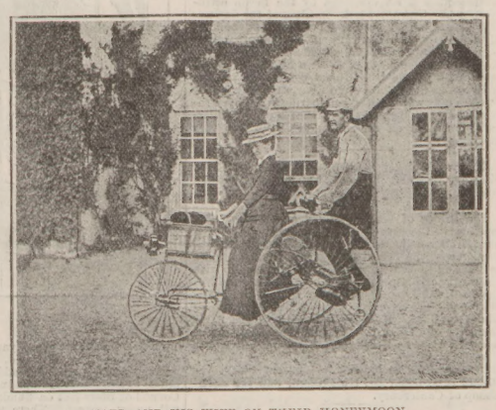
Mr. Vimpany's next and last proceeding for that day was to stop at a telegraph-office, and to communicate economically with Lord Harry in three words:—

"Expect me to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

THE principal excitement in the cycling world just now is the general meeting called by Scotch members. As it is being held in Glasgow to-day (the 17th) it is, of course, useless to predict what will be its outcome. Its object, as far as one can gather, is to protest against the late establishment of a board of control composed of London members.

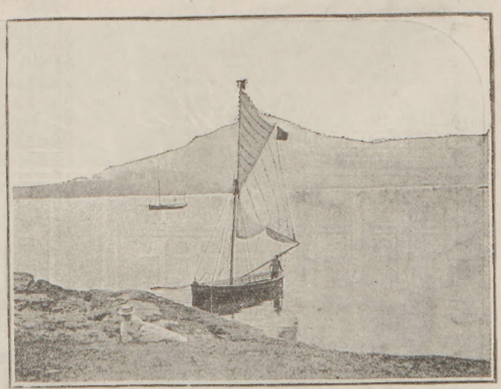
Few right-minded cyclists will not agree that the C.T.C. Council never did anything more sensible than to establish this board. The club, it is true, is an international organisation; but, as I once before pointed out, it is nevertheless bound to have its working headquarters in some one place. Where its headquarters are, there it must be, for all practical purposes, governed. The general meetings already held have usually proved but so many farces. No body could be practically worked by an occasional gathering of a very small minority of its members. Even the council meetings, held monthly in different parts of the country, and attended by different sets of councillors, cannot run and regulate all club matters, many and elaborate as these have become. Up to the present, as a natural result, the club has really been run by one man; now it is proposed to have it managed by a board of six. Surely, even Scotchmen must admit this to be an improvement. What their objection is it is difficult to understand. Of what earthly use would a man who lives in Glasgow or Edinburgh be on a board which must necessarily do all its work in London?



FAED AND HIS WIFE ON THEIR HONEYMOON.

"Faed" has kindly sent me some of his own photographs for publication in this column. I wish others among my readers were as good amateur photographers. I publish two this week. One represents him and his wife on their honeymoon tour to Killarney; the other is a yacht in Glengariff Bay, and very clear and good it is. Many will remember Faed's story of this Irish honeymooning journey, as he told it in *Outing*—two years ago I think it was. It ran through several numbers.

A correspondent writes from Birmingham to ask for advice and suggestions for his proposed journey by cycle from that city to London. He can obtain all the general information, as to distances, towns on the route, &c., from a good map, such, for example, as the "Tourists' Route Map" of England and Wales. This, mounted and cloth-cased, costs one shilling, and I doubt if any good map could be had for less. Now, for half a crown more—that is, for three shillings and six-pence—he could become a member of the Cyclists' Touring Club, and could obtain far more detailed information as to the roads, hills, hotels, from the Chief Consuls through whose counties he would pass, and not only for this special journey, but for any others he may chance to make later, and, judging from his letter, he cares enough about cycling not to stop with his first long ride. The initiation fee to the club is one shilling, the yearly subscription two and six.



HONEYMOON YACHT IN GLENGARIFF BAY.

By far the pleasantest road to follow from Birmingham, though probably not the shortest, is that which leads through Coventry, Kenilworth, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, and Oxford. There is no more beautiful ride to be taken in England—beautiful because of the quaint old towns, fine churches, and lovely country, and the memories of other days they evoke. For the cyclist who is in no special hurry, three days at least should be given to the journey, so that a glimpse may be had of its famous places.

My American cycling papers bring announcements of Mr. Elwell's tour for the coming summer. It looks as if these personally conducted cycling tours might become as permanent an institution as Cook's parties. It is to be regretted that they must include so many small towns on the Continent which Cook has not touched, and which hitherto have preserved all their primitive provincialism, even in the matter of prices.

Mr. F. R. Farrow talked about the model club-house for cyclists at the meeting of the Society of Cyclists last week, but he said nothing very new or striking. The picture he sketched of the perfect club he thought very ideal, but this ideal has already been realised by many of the Continental and American clubs, and there is no reason why it should not be here if the present scheme is carried out. There was also some talk about touring in France, but the meeting was not specially lively or stimulating.

All who care for sport in general will find much to interest them in the Exhibition of Sport and Art at the Grosvenor Gallery. Cycling is too modern to take a leading place, or, indeed, any place at all. But the show reveals the best side of sport, and reminds those who love it of a fact they are too apt to overlook—viz. that it is full of artistic possibilities. Velasquez and other great masters are included, if not as "sporting artists," at least as artists of sport. N. C. U.

A BRAVE LONDON FIREMAN.

SAMUEL JAMES WOOD, the veteran London fireman, died on Sunday week, and his remains were interred in Bow Cemetery on Sunday last. For thirty years he was a member of the Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, and subsequently, on its formation, of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. He held the society's medal with six clasps for saving life, and had also a gold and a silver medal presented to him by the inhabitants of Whitechapel, the district in which most of his exploits were performed. His record of lives saved was 183. One of his deeds was perpetuated in a picture by a Royal Academician, and many of his experiences are included in Ballantyne's "Fighting the Flames." Most people in Whitechapel knew Wood, and all who did not know him knew his dog Bill. Bill—the dog has been dead many a long day—is still known and celebrated as the "Fire Brigade dog," but he was Wood's own animal. Bill was a very celebrated local character; his fame brought the penalty of jealousy upon him, and one day he was found dead—poisoned, it was supposed. An indignant public offered £20 reward, but Bill's assassin was never discovered. Ten years ago Wood retired from the brigade on the pension to which thirty years' honourable service had entitled him. Since then he had been employed by the Whitechapel District Board as caretaker of the Baker's-row Recreation Ground.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

THE British Court has gone into mourning for the death of the venerable Empress Augusta.

The most picturesquely impressive funeral procession of the late Empress Augusta was the preliminary ceremony, which our Artist illustrates on another page. It took place in Berlin by torchlight on Thursday sennight. The Emperor William and the Empress had attended the service in the Palace; and the Emperor and a distinguished host of officers followed the coffin to the Old Palace. While the troops presented arms, the procession passed through the great portal of the Schloss up the stair to the White Hall, and through it to the dimly lighted Palace Chapel, where the coffin was laid on a catafalque, and Dr. Kögel offered up a prayer.

Amid many symptoms of national grief the remains of the Empress Augusta were on Saturday last taken to their last resting-place in the mausoleum at Charlottenburg. The details of the mournful pageant and of the imposing procession which accompanied it are described by the Berlin correspondents. One noteworthy incident of the day was the unexpected presence in the cortège, at the head of the body of Generals, of Count Moltke. He walked with a firm step as far as the Column of Victory outside the Brandenburg Gate. The Emperor William intended, like the other Royal personages, to drive from the confines of Berlin to Charlottenburg, but at the last moment he decided to ride with the procession. The meeting between the Emperor William and his mother on her return to Berlin was very moving.

The youthful King Alfonso, it was reported on Monday, was able to take food, and was gaining strength.

The Prince of Wales presided on Saturday at a meeting in the Royal Institution, when Professor Max Müller delivered an eloquent address in connection with the School for Modern Oriental Studies established by the Imperial Institute in union with University and King's Colleges.—A dinner in aid of the National Leprosy Fund was held at the Hôtel Métropole last Monday evening. The Prince of Wales presided. He bore testimony to the noble character of Father Damien, and on behalf of the company wished god-speed to the young lady who is about to undertake the care of the lepers at Molokai. Other speakers included Sir Andrew Clark, the Bishop of London, Mr. Hutchinson, and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Princess of Wales, Prince George, Princesses Victoria and Maud, attended by Miss Knollys and General Sir Dighton Probyn, left Sandringham last Monday for London. Prince George and Princesses Victoria and Maud accompanied their parents on Tuesday to Dorsetshire, on a visit to Lord and Lady Wimborne. On Thursday and Saturday their Royal Highnesses arranged to open a hospital at Bournemouth and inaugurate a park at Poole. The ball at Canford House, at which the Prince and Princess of Wales were to have been present, was postponed owing to the death of the Empress Augusta. An evening party, with vocal and instrumental music, was substituted.

During the past week Calcutta was busily employed in welcoming Prince Albert Victor.

Lord Cairns, who succeeded his father, the Tory Lord Chancellor, in the title, died at his residence in Mayfair on Tuesday, the 14th inst., aged twenty-nine. He is principally remembered by the breach of promise action brought against him by Miss Fortescue, the actress, which was settled by the payment of £10,000. His Lordship afterwards married Miss Olivia Berens, by whom he leaves one daughter. His brother, the Hon. Hugh Cairns, succeeds to the title.

Mrs. FitzGeorge, wife of the Duke of Cambridge, died at her residence in Queen-street, Mayfair, on Sunday, after a long illness, at the age of seventy-four.

The Portuguese Government has been brought to its senses. In consequence of the reply he received from Senhor Barros Gomes, Lord Salisbury sent an ultimatum, demanding the withdrawal of all Portuguese, whether armed men or civilians, pretending to exercise any authority in Mashonaland or North-West Matabeleland. He also demanded that the English protectorate over Nyassaland and the Shiré district should be respected. Mr. Petre, in communicating this despatch, added that he was under orders to leave unless it was answered at once. The Council of State met on Sunday, and agreed to submit under protest. There was some disorder in Lisbon on Sunday night, and the British Legation was attacked. Next day the Portuguese Ministry resigned.

TERRIBLE ATTACK ON A LION-QUEEN IN REDENBACH'S MÉNAGERIE AT BEZIERS.

Let "Lion Queens" and "Lion Kings" beware! The fatal accident which happened to a fearless woman in a lions' cage at Chatham in 1850, and the killing of John McCarthy, alias Massarti, by lions in 1872, were recalled to mind by the fearful scene witnessed in Redenbach's Ménagerie at Beziers, on Monday, Jan. 6. The occurrence is sketched. During the evening Miss Sterling, whose part it was to enter the lions' cage with two tamers and to be hypnotised while the lions went through their performance, was attacked by one of the animals while lying asleep. One of the tamers succeeded in drawing off the lion from Miss Sterling, who then managed to escape from the cage. She was, however, seriously injured about the legs, one of which has since been amputated. Miss Sterling had already been attacked by the same lion at a similar performance on the previous evening, but on that occasion her companions were able to beat off the animal before she was badly hurt.

Another shocking ménagerie accident is recorded at Brussels. It happened at Pezon. A lion and hyena having got, apparently by accident, into the same den, were fighting, when Madame Castanet, a tamer, entered the cage to separate the fierce brutes. It appears that the lion was ordinarily not only under Madame Castanet's control, but was really attached to her. Notwithstanding this, the lion threw himself upon the unfortunate woman, who was armed only with a riding-whip, and rent her with his talons, inflicting such terrible injuries that she was unable to move. Attendants standing by attacked the fierce brute with pitchforks, and with difficulty compelled him to quit his prey; but the tamer was already more dead than alive, and was taken from the den in an almost hopeless state.

THE RACING WORLD

THERE may be just a suggestion of remoteness in associating the present painfully mild weather with future big fields for the early Spring handicaps, more particularly the first of the series—the Lincolnshire. Cause and effect are not so very far-wide of the line of probability, though, unless we get a spell of bad weather shortly, an unusual number of horses will be fairly fit ere flat-racing commences, and, being fit, will be sent to the early meetings to take their chance. It is

Worth a Lot of Money

to a trainer to have even one animal ready to race at the beginning of the season, because, in the language of the stable, "it tells the time of day" to the stable. Regarding success in preparations for the opening of the year, it is a very curious and at first sight startling fact that of late years the northern stables have done better than the southern, and the harder the winter the better trained have these Yorkshire horses been. Until quite recently a theory held that it was unsafe to gallop in the snow. Now, when there is a general frost all over the country it generally happens that at Newmarket, and in Sussex, Hampshire, and Berkshire, we get frost only, but in Yorkshire they have snow as well. So long as you gallop in it, horses' hoofs clear themselves in their stroke. At slower paces, especially trotting, the snow balls in the frog of the foot and renders locomotion dangerous. A few winters back only four or five out of a big field for the Lincolnshire Handicap were fit, and one of these was the big, heavy colt Bread Knife, who was trained for nearly a month in deep snow. He was the fittest of the field.

Influenza was, so we are told, responsible for Messrs. Weatherby's calendar of last week presenting us with an instalment only of the Spring Handicap and other entries. The Burlington-street firm were so short-handed in their clerical staff that they could not well get through the work of publication as quickly as intended. However, as this weeks' calendar made amends, no great harm was done. On the whole, the lists are decidedly satisfactory.

The New Derby Plate,

which this year and for the future, as far as probabilities go, will take the place of the sweepstakes we knew up to and including 1889 as the Derby, promises well. All horses left in the catalogue of contents incur fifty pounds now, run or not. Remodelling the affair appears to suit owners of racers, and so long as they are pleased no one else ought to grumble.

TO ATHLETES.—CADBURY'S COCOA is absolutely pure, and contains, in a concentrated form, admirable nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, strength, and staying power.—[ADVT.]

SOUVENIR OF THE GREAT FIRE AT THE KING OF THE BELGIANS' PALACE OF LAEKEN (WHERE MDLLE. DRANCOURT PRINCESS CLÉMENTINE'S GOVERNESS, WAS SUFFOCATED), ON JAN. 1.

THAT'S THE RUB FOR ME, MISTER.
THAT'S THE RUB FOR ME, MISTER.
THAT'S THE RUB FOR ME, MISTER.
THAT'S THE RUB FOR ME, MISTER.
THAT'S THE RUB.—Elliman's
THAT'S THE RUB.—Universal
THAT'S THE RUB.—Embrocation. Rheumatism.
THAT'S THE RUB.—Elliman's
THAT'S THE RUB.—Universal
THAT'S THE RUB.—Embrocation. Lumbago.
THAT'S THE RUB.—Elliman's
THAT'S THE RUB.—Universal
THAT'S THE RUB.—Embrocation. Sprains.
THAT'S THE RUB.—Elliman's
THAT'S THE RUB.—Universal
THAT'S THE RUB.—Embrocation. Bruises.
THAT'S THE RUB.—Elliman's
THAT'S THE RUB.—Universal
THAT'S THE RUB.—Embrocation. Cuts.
THAT'S THE RUB.—Elliman's
THAT'S THE RUB.—Universal
THAT'S THE RUB.—Embrocation. Sore Throat from Cold.
THAT'S THE RUB.—Elliman's
THAT'S THE RUB.—Universal
THAT'S THE RUB.—Embrocation. Chest Colds.
THAT'S THE RUB.—Elliman's
THAT'S THE RUB.—Universal
THAT'S THE RUB.—Embrocation. Stiffness.
THAT'S THE RUB FOR ME, MISTER.
THAT'S THE RUB FOR ME, MISTER.
THAT'S THE RUB FOR ME, MISTER.
THAT'S THE RUB FOR ME, MISTER.
Elliman's Universal Embrocation, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.
ELLIMAN, SONS, and CO., Slough, England.

Addition to the prize-money for the Grand National Steeplechase has scarcely had the effect desired, although the minimum set by the promoters was considerably exceeded. It is full early to begin thinking about such races as the Grand National and far away in the list of races to come for a sane person to dream of tipping on them. Nevertheless, I may venture to quote two golden rules for the guidance of those who, when due time comes, will want to be making shots in the hope of landing a bit at a long price. Here is number one for the City and Suburban:

Never Mind Weight.

Go through the entries, and select the best class animal engaged. Horses are handicapped on this course at a mile and a quarter, its surveyor's measurement. In practice this ten furlongs proves less difficult to cover at racing pace than many a mile spin. Weight never stopped a good horse, if he was at all reasonably treated, in a City and Suburban. I could quote lots of precedents, but we will go no further back than last year, with Goldseeker winner, and Fullerton unlucky to lose. So

Go for the Best Racer,

and leave weight out of the question.

As to the Grand National, a good system is to pick out the old tried horses who have done well at Aintree. Take the three who were most prominent at the finish of the previous year's chase. You ought to make sure, if you can, that your selections are in training.

Back Them Each to Win and 1, 2, 3.

They cannot all win, but it is quite possible, and not at all wildly improbable, that they may all be placed. Steeplechasers who show to advantage one year at Liverpool seldom fail to be prominent again. It is a long and peculiar journey they have to make, and the peculiarities suit some horses, while they upset others. Talking of peculiarities, we have some horses who will only do themselves justice if racing one way—that is, with the turns either to the left or right. Old Roquefort is one of these. He simply will *not* go if the bends are to the right, and is sure to cut it. When on a course of his own sort, such as the Grand National, which bends to the left always, he is not above batting out if he gets a chance.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

Hockey

continues to grow in favour, and must, I think, continue to do so so long as it is played by the class now patronising it. Much of its popularity, no doubt, is due to its simplicity, and among spectators one rarely hears questions asked, as in the case of other games, such as "What are they trying to do?" One of the first things a child of either sex does when a stick is placed into its hand in the open air is to strike a stone or other small object, and the next step is invariably to try and drive it past somebody else. The natural instinct of a boy everyone knows to be to try and hit the stone, cork, piece of wood, &c., that some other boy wishes to hit: no other will suit him half so well.

Hockey-players have now become so numerous that county and north v. south matches have become regular fixtures. On Saturday last the first county match in the south—

Middlesex v. Surrey—

took place at Wimbledon on the school-ground. Hockey is fortunate in having a well-wisher in Mr. E. Turle, one of the proprietors of the school. Mr. Turle was a weight-putter at Oxford University, then a lacrosse player, in which capacity he assisted to win the South of England flags for the London Lacrosse Club in the first year of their institution, and is now a golfer.

One of the features of this particular county match is that the invincible Molesey Club is divided against itself, some of the members of it living at Hampton Court, which is in Middlesex, the others at East Molesey, which is in Surrey. A. Giffard, the absolutely best forward playing, was not among the players this time, but the Surrey division, to which he belongs, nevertheless proved too many for their opponents. The match was a fast one, but Surrey held the upper hand all through, scoring two goals in the first half and one in the second, Middlesex scoring only one goal. The next big match is

North v. South,

taking place on Feb. 11, at the Queen's Club, West Kensington, when some very fine play should be seen.

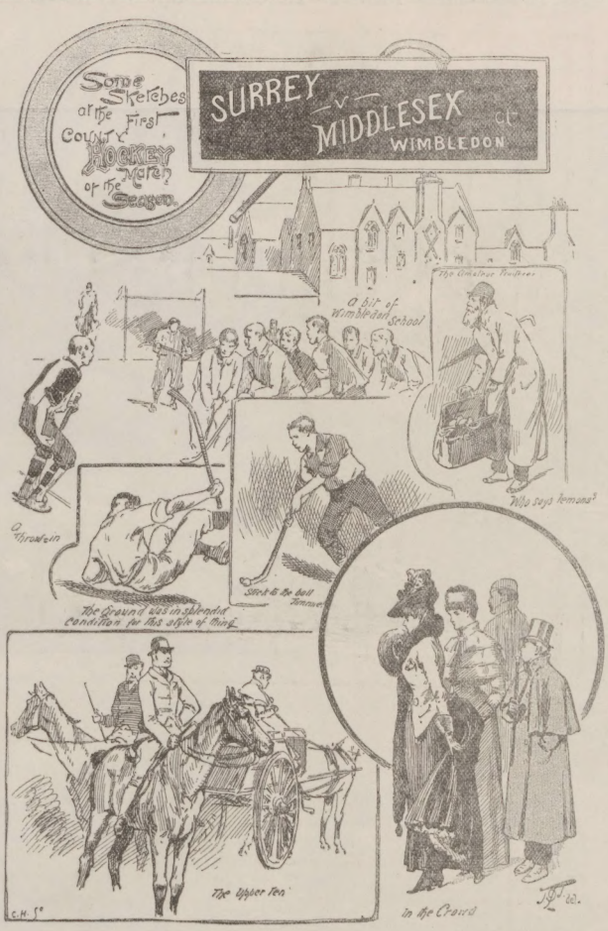
Lacrosse

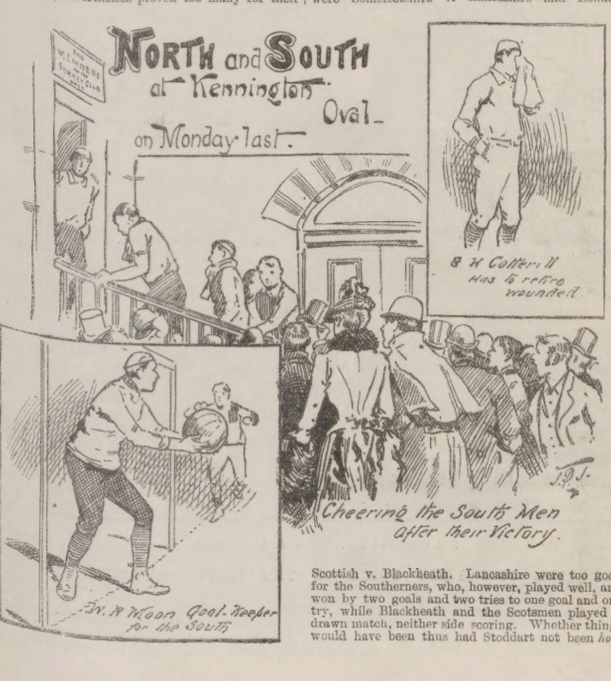
has been tried at schools, but it is too difficult a game to learn in one term only. It is a game calling for great devotion on the part of the player, a fact that explains the slowness of its progress, which, however, is very steady and well maintained all over the country.

The great matches of Saturday last at

Rugby Football

were Somersetshire v. Lancashire and London Scottish v. Blackheath. Lancashire were too good for the Southerners, who, however, played well, and won by two goals and two tries to one goal and one try, while Blackheath and the Scotsmen played a drawn match, neither side scoring. Whether things would have been thus had Stoddart not been *hors de combat* and a spectator, I should scarcely like to say, but think probably not.





The Football League

rarely allows a week to pass without providing us with at least one surprise. This week it is the defeat of the Blackburn Rovers by West Bromwich Albion, which is all right according to the last two seasons' form, but entirely upsetting this season's. The win was by three goals to two, only; but a majority of one goal is as good as one of a hundred.

The Match of North v. South,

at the Oval, afforded our Artist some subjects for his pencil last Monday. North was defeated by three goals to one.

The International Dispute

has advanced another stage, the Rugby Union having amended the propositions of the International Board, and returned them for consideration. It is a *secret de Polichinelle* that Scotland is the prime mover on the Board; and it is quite on the cards that Ireland and Wales, who are getting sick of the shilly-shallying—their desire being to play football, and not argue—will speak plain words soon. They are two to one on the Board, it should be remembered; and I always mistrust the continuance of the unity of things when I see such great stress laid upon the "perfect unanimity that prevailed" at this or that meeting. The five questions suggested by the Rugby Union are brief enough, and contain the real gist of the whole matter in dispute.

Major Marindin,

president of the Football Association, is to be the Union's arbitrator—the absolutely best man that could have been chosen, if the Scots do not think him ineligible because of his connection with the other game.

The Montreal Skating Club have shown great public spirit in sending their representative,

Mr. L. Rubenstein,

all the way to St. Petersburg to represent them in the great skating contest which takes place on Feb. 13 and 14. The meeting is in celebration of the twenty-fifth birthday of the St. Petersburg Skating Club, and there is a special prize offered for the winning of any three events on the programme by one skater. Mr. Rubenstein is the champion skater of the United States and Canada, and by going to Russia he loses all chance of competing in these events. Mr. Rubenstein reached England this week by the Etruria. It is a pity that, just when we have so wonderful a skater among us, there should be no ice. Mr. Rubenstein would have been welcome at the home of the

Skating Club

at Regent's Park. He will not even have the satisfaction of going to Southport from Liverpool, for the glaciarium there is closed, the skaters being so scarce that it did not pay expenses.

It is a pity that no funds are available for sending our best professionals to Sweden in the winter, so that they might get some practice and be in a position to compete with the Norse and Netherland cracks. If the ice will not come to us we must go to the ice.

BANSHEE.

TO OVERCOME WEAKNESS.—PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC gives new life, health, strength, and energy. In 2s. 6d. Bottles. Everywhere. Insist on having Pepper's.—[ADVT.]

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MAKES CHEERFUL

HAPPY HOMES.

The most Popular Musical Instrument of the Day is

A MELODEON.

The long evenings will pass much more pleasantly with a mixture of music and song. CAMPBELL'S world-famed MELODEONS, having Organ and Celestial tones, Patent Visible Double Valves, and the charming Bell accompaniments, are specially adapted for home music—Sacred Songs, Secular Songs, and Dance Music being rendered with equal effect. ANYONE CAN PLAY UPON THEM.

EVERYBODY DELIGHTED.
NO ONE DISSATISFIED.

THE "GEM" MELODEON

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THE "MINIATURE" MELODEON

is Selling in Thousands.

THE "FAVOURITE" MELODEON

No Home should be Without One.

Do you wish to enjoy your Long Evenings at Home?
Then procure a MELODEON.
Do you wish to make your Family Circle Happy?
Then procure a MELODEON.
Do you wish to form a Concert or Dancing Party?
Then procure one of

CAMPBELL'S PATENT BROAD REED MELODEONS.

GRAND NEW MODEL

FOR SEASON 1890.

British Patent, 4492. German Patent, 24,110.

CUT OUT THIS.

P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "GEM" MELODEON.
6s. 6d. 6s. 6d.
With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, sent carefully packed and carriage paid to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 6s. 6d. Worth Double.

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OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "MINIATURE" MELODEON.
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OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "FAVOURITE" MELODEON.
16s. 6d. 16s. 6d.
"By her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent," with Patent Visible Double Valves, two Stops, Organ and Celestial Tone, and charming Bell Accompaniments, sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 16s. 6d. Worth Double.

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NO DECEPTION HERE.

The Editor of the London *Weekly Times* says:—

"THE MELODEON.—No instrument invented of late can equal in power and sweetness the Melodeon. In external appearance it is a work of art, and in mechanism—for simplicity of handling and for purity and variety of note—there is no instrument with which it can be compared."

100,000 TESTIMONIALS. 100,000.

Important Testimonial from Professor Brown, the Champion Melodeon Player of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales: "Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the finest instruments that have ever come under my touch, and only require a trial to advertise themselves." Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the only genuine Melodeons in the market. Beware of worthless imitations.

"149, Albion-road, Stoke Newington, London, N., 1889.
"Sir,—I received the 'Gem' Melodeon this morning, Wednesday, and must say that I am delighted with it. It has a splendid tone, and a better one I never saw for such little money. I wish you every success in selling many of them, with many thanks for the one I have just received.—I remain, yours truly, G. ATTRIDGE."

"1, Station Head, Lochgelly, Fifeshire, Nov. 30, 1889.
"Messrs. Campbell and Co.
"Gentlemen,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of the 'Miniature' Melodeon, which I received all right, and I can assure you it is fully up to my expectations—a splendid little instrument at the price; and I shall be happy to recommend your firm to any of my friends or acquaintances. With thanks for your prompt attention,
"Yours truly, THOMAS KING."

"Camphill House, Antrim-road, Ballymena,
"Nov. 28, 1889.
'Messrs. Campbell and Co.
"Gentlemen,—I have received the 'Favourite' Melodeon all right. I am highly pleased with it, and so are all who have seen it and heard its beautiful tone. It gives entire satisfaction, and does not, like some instruments, lose its charm after a few days' or weeks' practice, but seems, instead of losing in any respect, to have gained in that which is always to be admired—viz, tone. I can confidently recommend it to any person requiring a charming instrument, and also as one worth double the money. Please receive my thanks for your prompt attention to my order. Wishing you every success in your musical trade,
"I remain, yours truly, THOMAS ALLEN."

A MOST ASTOUNDING FACT.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND of our Patent Broad Reed Melodeons HAVE BEEN SOLD; and we have received the unprecedented number of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND TESTIMONIALS and PRESS NOTICES from all parts of the World.

N.B.—Before purchasing a Musical Instrument of any other description, send for our NEW PRIVILEGE PRICE-LIST for Season 1890, now ready, entitling the holder to have any instruments mentioned in the List sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, at the very low price quoted for each article. This valuable List contains numerous Illustrations of the leading and most popular Musical Instruments of the day, sent on receipt of one penny stamp to CAMPBELL and CO., Musical Instrument Makers, 116, Trongate, Glasgow.

1. Camp at Gunar, near the Border of Kumaon and British Garhwal. 2. "Napoleon crossing the Alps." 3. A Council of War. 4. Group of Ghoorka Pipers.

GREAT BRITAIN'S LATEST INDIAN MILITARY EXPEDITION: WITH THE NITI FIELD FORCE ON THE THIBET FRONTIER.

"Darned if Serpa Pinto wouldn't have swelled till he bust, Bill, if us Bluejackets hadn't been ordered to Delagoa Bay!"
JACK ON THE PORTUGUESE "JINGO" FROG.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE EMPRESS AUGUSTA OF GERMANY IN BERLIN: THE EMPEROR WILLIAM FOLLOWS THE COFFIN TO THE OLD PALACE.

THE NITI FIELD FORCE.

INDIA is not altogether occupied with the rejoicings and fêtes in honour of Prince Albert Victor of Wales. The Governor-General has an important expedition in hand. From Camp Ramni an Indian military correspondent sends a few Sketches to illustrate the most recent expedition on the northern frontier of India. A small force of infantry, furnished by detachments from the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the 3rd Goorkhas, is making its way up towards the Thibetan frontier, with the object of checking hostile raids and marauding practices. Owing to the lateness of the season and the near approach of winter, snow might bar the progress of troops across the mountain passes; but a good deal of information would have been obtained which may prove useful in the future.

The officers accompanying the troops are Captains Lyster and Rose, of the 1st Battalion 3rd Goorkhas, and Lieutenants Battye and Roberts, of the 2nd Battalion, with Surgeon Vost in medical charge, the whole under command of Brevet-Major Pulley, 1st Battalion 3rd Goorkhas. The Sketches now presented need but little description, as most of our readers must be familiar with the appearance and ways of the Goorkhas, though we have not all heard the sound of their bagpipes.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

THE outbreak of influenza in England is very serious. I hope none of my readers have been suffering, but it is scarcely possible for all of them to have escaped. In London the epidemic has caused the greatest possible inconvenience in that

Useful Institution

the Post Office. Just imagine that out of 1900 telegraph boys in the London postal district 222 were unable to be on duty last week! The postmen, too, have suffered severely; and, in consequence, the regular delivery of letters has been very much impeded. Mr. Tombs, the controller of the Postal Service Department, announced that it was impossible for letters to be delivered now with "rigid punctuality," and begged for the

Kind Indulgence

of the public. So, if Edwin's letter does not arrive at the usual time, Angelina must not be uneasy, or imagine that he is faithless: it is all the fault of the terrible influenza. But, indeed, it is much too serious a matter for jesting, and those hundreds of people who really cannot afford to be ill ought to take every possible precaution to beat off this formidable foe. One of our very clever physicians in London, Dr. Lennox Browne, has written to one of the papers to recommend the

Vapour of Menthol

as an excellent preventive. He says it checks in a perfectly marvellous manner acute colds in the head, and, if used when the very first symptoms of the influenza epidemic are felt, it will be found to give relief. He also says it relieves and dissipates pain and fulness of the head, and that as it has the power of killing germs of disease it prevents infection. This

Useful Remedy

may be employed, says Dr. Browne, "by means of a general impregnation of its vapour through a room or house, or locally to the nostrils and air passages." One of the clever lady lecturers attached to the National Health Society has been writing and speaking lately on the subject of this really

Alarming Visitation,

which has spared neither rich nor poor, old nor young. She says that the people who lead rational lives, who keep regular hours, who live well but eat and drink in moderation, and who, above all things, take care to aërate their blood with plenty of ozone and oxygen, are the people whom the influenza passes by, or attacks so lightly that they may be said to have escaped altogether. The good old proverb of

The Stitch in Time

applies with great force to this malady. It is of no use, says Miss Stackpoole, the lady lecturer before mentioned—it is of no use to try and fight the "enemy on your feet." If you do, the fight will be much longer and harder, if, indeed, you are not altogether worsted. And it is during convalescence that the greatest care has to be taken. It is simply madness for those who are recovering to go out too soon, or expose themselves in any way to the many changes of our most

Fickle Climate.

And if you should, unfortunately, be attacked, not only go to bed at once, but have your bedroom well ventilated. You would be wise, too, if you wore a flannel instead of a cotton nightgown; but, in any case, you must take the precaution of protecting the lungs at the back as well as the front from chills. So many people never seem to remember, or else they do not know, that the lungs are quite as much

At the Back

as they are at the front of the body: at least, they never seem to think it necessary to protect the lungs except in front. Rest, quiet, warmth, care, simple nourishment, freedom from draughts, and—worry or annoyance: these things, says Miss Stackpoole, are essential if influenza patients would recover quickly. Alas, how impossible it is for hundreds who have been

Attacked

of late to have even rest, or care, or freedom from worry, to say nothing of "simple nourishment"! You cannot really have any one of them without money; and how many lonely and not-too-well-off bachelors and spinsters are there in London at this moment stricken down in their lonely lodgings, sadly worried by the consciousness that their slender store of money (if, indeed, they are not living from hand to mouth) is rapidly

Evaporating?

Happily, for such as these, there are our noble hospitals, to say nothing of those devoted women who look after the sick people for a few hours every day, and ask for neither fee nor reward if the patient is too poor to pay. I do not think I can do better now than give one or two receipts for dishes intended specially for the

Sick and Convalescent.

Those who have to do with invalids know how capricious the appetite is in or after illness. Beef essences seem to have almost entirely taken the place of the old-fashioned beef-tea. You can make very good essence yourselves in the following manner. Take 1 lb. of

Good Gravy-Beef,

free it entirely from skin and fat, chop it up very fine, add a little salt, and put it into an earthenware jar with a lid, close up the edges with thick paste made of flour and water to keep the air out and the steam in, and place the jar in the oven for three or four hours. The oven must not be too hot. When done, strain the liquor in the jar through a coarse hair sieve, and let your patient have from two to three spoonfuls at a time.

Good milk is about the most nourishing food for the sick. But it is sometimes too heavy, unless given with soda, Apollinaris, or Salutaris water. You must take care never to keep milk uncovered in a sick-room. Indeed, it is better out of the room than in, because it catches directly any impurity that may be in the air, and becomes unfit to drink. I often see glasses of milk standing uncovered on the buffets of railway refreshment-rooms, and I long to tell the young ladies behind

The Counter

to cover them, but am afraid I might be told to mind my own business. Chocolate porridge is

A PRETTY BRIDESMAID'S DRESS.

rather a nice thing, and an agreeable change from the everlasting gruel and jelly of the sick-room. It is made thus: mix together a quarter of a pound of the best chocolate grated, half a pound of rice flour, two ounces of arrowroot, and sugar to taste. Add a tablespoonful of this mixture to a pint of hot milk, and let it boil for five minutes. It should be as thick as well-made gruel, and served hot.

Miss Cave's Bridesmaids' Dress.

I give this week a sketch of one of the pretty dresses worn by the bridesmaids of Miss Cave, who was married on Jan. 2. It is taken from the *Lady's Pictorial* of the 11th. The dresses were made of pale dust-coloured cloth, with lapels of claret velvet, and full waistcoats and fronts of dust-coloured broché, figured with pink and red roses. The hats were also dust-colour, with feathers to match, tipped with claret. The bouquets were composed of pink and white flowers, and each bridesmaid wore a large horse-shoe buckle, the gift of the bridegroom. These dresses had the advantage of being out of the common, but to my mind dust-colour is not gay enough for a wedding. MARGUERITE.

LIVER COMPLAINTS.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[ADVT.]

LEGAL COLUMN

[*"Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."*]

Next-door Neighbours.—(*Continued.*)

THE right to water from wells is governed by different rules to the right of surface water. If a landowner sinks a well in his own land he may thereby seriously damage a supply of water to springs and wells of his neighbour, or even drain them dry, but the man who sinks the new well is within his right. The only remedy for the unfortunate neighbour is to sink a deeper well and use pumps to get the water back again. The only case in which a landowner is restrained from drawing off subterranean water from under the adjoining land is, if in so doing, he draws off water which has hitherto flowed in a defined surface channel.

Where a number of houses have been built, as often happens in towns, by one builder, so as to require and receive mutual support, and the houses are sold to different persons, the right of mutual support continues, and so, if the owner of the houses lets one floor or storey, there is an implied right of support from the lower storeys.

One of the most important rights which one man may have over the land of another is a "right of way." A right of way may be acquired — first, by a conveyance by deed; secondly, by prescription, i.e. twenty years user; and, thirdly, what is called a right of way "of necessity," as, for example, where one man sells land to another to which there is no access excepting over the land of the vendor; in which case the purchaser has an implied right of way over the land of the vendor. There is no general implied obligation upon the owner of the land over which a right of way exists to keep the way in repair. The person entitled to use the right of way may repair if he chooses.

Rights of way alleged on the grounds of custom, which often gives rise to dispute in country places, cannot be established in the event of litigation unless the right of way can be shown to have continued without interruption for twenty years. Rights of public way can only be stopped by order of Quarter Sessions after public opportunity for objection and inquiry. Private rights of way can be always extinguished by deed, and in some special cases by other means.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. B.—You must please state the facts as to the case again as affecting your wife, and we will endeavour to answer you.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—It is impossible to answer this question without more knowledge of the facts with reference to the will. No doubt you have a solicitor, and should consult him.

S. W. N.—If a man die intestate, leaving real property and a wife, and one sister of the whole blood and a half brother on the mother's side only, the real property will go to the sister, but the widow will be entitled to dower unless the conveyance of the property contains what is called a declaration to bar or exclude her dower.

LEASEHOLDER.—You are probably liable to pay, but it depends upon the terms of the lease, and partly whether you are in the metropolis or beyond.

IRIS.—You had better have a search made at the Court of Probate for the will or letters of administration granted to your uncle's estate. You can then find out further particulars. Every executor has a year from date of probate for payment.

WALIAN.—Payment of a promissory note payable on demand can be legally demanded after six years from the date of the note in such a case as you mention.

ENQUIRER.—According to the statement contained in your letter, the notice to quit served upon you is bad. You ought to have six months' notice, ending at the June quarter, as you are, apparently, a yearly tenant from June.

J. O. G.—According to the statement contained in your letter, your mother only has a life interest, and therefore you cannot apply the capital for your mother without the consent of the beneficiaries interested in the reversion. If the effect of your grandfather's will is correctly stated in your letter, your father was the freeholder. The words "heirs for ever" in that case make him a freeholder, and give him a right to dispose of the property, as your father has apparently done. But we must again say that it is difficult to advise upon a written instrument, especially a will, without seeing the document, and we would suggest that you should show a solicitor the will.

X. A.—Surely the partnership deed contains some provision against the introduction of third persons, otherwise there is nothing to prevent either partner bequeathing his share to strangers; or if he died intestate his administrator would take the share. Either partner can then compel the winding-up of the partnership.

JAMES HARRIS.—Write the Education Department. This is a question arising under the code and regulations of that department.

J. DUNN.—You can sue a person residing in a Spanish possession if you get the leave of the High Court of Justice to issue a writ for service beyond the jurisdiction.

T. H. G.—If "A" instructed "B" to do the work, "A" must of course remunerate "B." If there were no scale of remuneration agreed upon, then claim what is reasonable, and issue a County Court summons if necessary. LEX.

The "Era Almanack" for 1890, judiciously edited by Mr. Edward Ledger, is a welcome shilling annual, brimming over with information and entertainment for the numerous class that delights in the theatre, and in all appertaining to the histrionic and musical professions. Valuable are the statistics, and bright the stories. Perhaps the most generally acceptable feature is the catechism Mr. Ledger has addressed to our leading actors and actresses, eliciting from them amusing answers. It is clear from Mrs. Langtry's apt replies that this fascinating and charming actress possesses a neat wit. She will need all she has at the St. James's.

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What HUDSON'S
Will do in an hour.

Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

The People's Typewriter
THE
"MERRITT."

This is exact copy of The "MERRITT'S work. It is equal to that of any High Priced Typewriter. Relieves fatigue from steady use of pen. Improves spelling and punctuation. Interests and instructs children. The entire correspondence of a business house can be done with it. Learned in a half hour from directions. Prints capitals, small letters, figures and characters, 78 in all. Price £3.3.0. complete. British Depot 46, Holborn Viaduct, London.
SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR.

BEAUTIFUL TEETH, THE CROWN OF BEAUTY.

When other charms have faded, a sound white set of teeth redeems the countenance; but they should be brushed every day with **Sozodont**, in order to keep them white, or to render them so. This celebrated liquid

SOZODONT
FOR THE TEETH

is **purely botanic** in its composition, and is **entirely free** from any ingredient which could injure the teeth. On this account alone it is vastly preferable to the ordinary tooth powders and tooth pastes, which contain either gritty particles that wear away the enamel, or corrosive ingredients which dissolve it; and **Sozodont** has largely superseded all articles of its class, a fact which affords the best proof which can be furnished of its superior qualities.

Sold by all Chemists at **2s. 6d.**
BRITISH DEPOT:
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TORPID LIVER

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. 40 in a phial. Purely Vegetable, and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. Established 1856. Standard Pill of the United States. In phials at 1s. 1½d. Sold by all Chemists, or sent by post.

Illustrated pamphlet free. British Depot, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

PAIN KILLER.

The Great Family Medicine. Get a Bottle to-day of PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER. Acts directly on the seat of Pain. Externally it cures Scalds, Burns, Boils, Sprains, Bruises, Toothache, Headache, Stings and Bites of Insects, &c. Internally it cures Colds, Liver Complaints, Headache, Heartburn, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sea Sickness, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach, Colic, Diarrhœa, Cholera, &c. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. British Depot: 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Avoid Imitations under misleading names.

PAIN KILLER.

HOW SHALL I MEET THE EPIDEMIC?

It is not, perhaps, too much to say that the above question is, at the present moment, exercising

THOUSANDS OF THOUGHTFUL MINDS.

The air is full of stories of sudden and widespread attacks of subtle sicknesses; and yet all, or nearly all, resolve themselves into two great groups—affections of the Lungs and affections of the Stomach. For the latter—useful as a preventive quite as much as for a restorative—there is one remedy, unnecessary to be referred to here, beyond the reminder that it is

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

It is not so generally known, however, that, associated with the world's great stomachic agent for the whole fifty years of its fame, prepared by the same hands and just as careful an adaptation of right means to worthy ends, there has been and still is available, in

BEECHAM'S COUGH PILLS,

a truly marvellous safeguard against and cure for

INFLUENZA,

Bronchial Irritations, Shortness of Breath, Hoarseness, Wheezing, Tightness of the Chest, Asthma, and all other Lung affections. It really is so; and

YOU CAN MEET ANY EPIDEMIC

armed with these sovereign remedies. One will keep the organs of digestion in natural activity; and, where impaired, will restore them. The other will give full play to the organs of respiration; and, where weakened or obstructed, will effectually strengthen and clear them. All that is required is that there be

NO PROCRASTINATION.

Do not wait until you are prostrated—do not wait, even, until you are attacked. Have at hand, ready for any emergency, the twin remedies:—

BEECHAM'S PILLS and (observe the distinction) BEECHAM'S COUGH PILLS.

Both kinds are the same price—1s. 1½d. or 2s. 9d. per box—and are sold everywhere.

Prepared only, and sold Wholesale and Retail, by the Proprietor,

THOMAS BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE.

LORD LONSDALE'S ARCTIC TRIP.

Dror into the Natural History Gallery of Mr. Rowland Ward, F.Z.S., 166, Piccadilly, if you would have proof of the rare interest of the Earl of Lonsdale's courageous travels in the snowy and icy regions of Arctic North America. There you may inspect the remarkable collection of trophies brought home by Lord Lonsdale.

* * * * *

The enterprising performance of the Earl of Lonsdale in travelling northward during many months of the year 1888, from the Saskatchewan River of the Great Western Territory of Canada to the shores of the Arctic Ocean, and thence crossing Alaska westward to the North Pacific in the following winter, has excited much attention. Few people, except some officers of the Hudson Bay Company and of the Alaska Fur Company, have made acquaintance with those desolate regions of North America, beyond the Athabasca and Peace Rivers—the Great Slave Lake, the Mackenzie River, the Great Bear Lake, the northern sea coast, and the upper country of Alaska, on the Yukon River, formerly Russian, but now belonging to the United States dominion. Lord Lonsdale's report, with the sketches and photographs which he procured, adds much to the information already possessed by the public concerning that remote and uninviting portion of the globe.

* * * * *

It was on Feb. 22, 1888, that his Lordship left England for Canada, determined to travel as far as he could overland in the Far West of the American continent, as well as to shoot a musk ox and a white bear in the most distant haunts of those animals, and to examine some facts in the natural history of that region. He had taken counsel with Sir John Rose in London; and in Canada he further sought information from Sir Donald Smith, Governor of the Hudson Bay Company; Dr. G. M. Dawson, of the Zoological Department of the Colonial Government; and Dr. Bell, who gave him the best maps; but he was warned that it would be impossible for him to get beyond Green Lake.

Nothing daunted, his Lordship went on by railway to Winnipeg, and thence to Qu'Appelle, on the Canadian Pacific line, where Mr. M'Donald, the Hudson Bay Company's chief factor, made arrangements for horse-sledges to take him and his servant, with luggage, three hundred miles to Prince Albert, on the North Saskatchewan, and to Green Lake, where civilisation ends. Here, on April 3, sending back his servant and most of his stores, as the horses could go no farther, Lord Lonsdale continued his rather adventurous expedition with a train of sledges drawn by dogs. The weather during many days of his previous journey had been extremely cold, with deep snow, and occasional violent "blizzards."

* * * * *

The route now taken by his Lordship, in the first week of April, long before the Canadian winter had spent all its severity, was from Green Lake over Rat Creek and Waterhen River, to Grand Lake, Isle La Crosse, Buffalo Lake, Jack Fish Lake, and Clear Water River; halting at the Hudson Bay Company's stations at La Crosse and Buffalo Narrows, after which came a thaw, flooding the ground in many places, so as greatly to hinder travelling. The thermometer had previously averaged 43 degrees below zero. During the thaw, the sledges could not run by day, but went on in the night, when the wet of the day had frozen again; sometimes only four or five miles could be got over in the day, but fifteen miles in the night.

* * * * *

The method of loading the sledges and harnessing the dogs is the same everywhere in this region. Some of the best men, half-breeds, were employed to run in front of the dogs. These useful animals were fed on fish, stores of which are kept at certain stations; but the supply, both of this and of food for the travellers, was occasionally deficient. At Fort M'Murray, where the Clear Water River joins the Athabasca, Lord Lonsdale was obliged to stay from April 14 to May 9, shooting what game he could find, inspecting the country around, and observing its natural features. He mentions that there are, at a short distance above the junction of the Clear Water with the Athabasca, some marvellous petroleum springs, at the foot of a ridge of limestone, through which the great river has forced its way. The ice of this river began to break up on May 3, instead of the middle of April, the usual time in ordinary seasons. A boat had been repaired, and was put at Lord Lonsdale's disposal for his river voyage down to Lake Athabasca.

* * * * *

This voyage was attended with great difficulties and some perils: at one time there was much danger of the boat being crushed by the floating ice; at another time it seemed likely to be swamped and sucked in by the whirlpools or cross-currents which these masses of ice had caused. Notwithstanding, Fort Chipewyan was reached in safety, and on May 22 the boat again started on her way down, but soon began to sink, having been much damaged. Lord Lonsdale and the men with him had just time to save themselves and the things they had in the boat. Sending back to Fort Chipewyan for another boat lost them a day; but they continued the voyage from Lake Athabasca, entering the Cat Fish River: passing its junction with the Peace River, where there is a most beautiful view, they descended the river northward to Fort Resolution, on the Great Slave Lake. When they arrived there, on June 1, the whole of that large lake was frozen over, except an open space round its verge, from 50 to 200 yards wide, kept clear by the flowing in of water from the river. Lord Lonsdale decided to avail himself of this channel, proceeding westward along the south shore of the lake, so as to get to Fort Providence, at its outlet to the north-west, and thereby to enter the Mackenzie River, before the main body of ice in the lake should break up and render its navigation much more perilous. From first to last, Lord Lonsdale showed much pluck on this adventurous expedition.

LORD LONSDALE IN HIS ARCTIC "GET UP."

MR. BARNUM AS A STORY-TELLER.

With a view to raising funds to assist poor Irish peasant workers and distressed Irish ladies Mr. Barnum has agreed to occupy an hour or two on the afternoon of Thursday, Jan. 30, in relating the chief incidents of his life and adventures, and to tell many amusing and new anecdotes. Mr. Barnum is an exceptionally entertaining story-teller, and, as it will be the first and only time that the old man will be seen in a London drawing-room in such a character, the limited number of seats available in the mansion, at Grosvenor-square, which has been most kindly lent by the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, are likely to be applied for several times over. Mrs. Shaw, the American lady whistler, will also give her services on this occasion. Mr. J. S. Wood, of 2, Princes-mansions, Victoria-street, S.W., is organising the event.

Bravo, Cook!—It is announced that Mr. Thomas Cook of Leicester, the tourist agent, has signified, through the Deacons of the Baptist Chapel at Melbourne, Derbyshire, his native place, that he has decided to build there thirteen cottages and a mission-room. The cottages are to be rent free, for the use of aged and deserving poor of the town. Mr. Cook desires that the work of building should commence at once, and that the cottages should be as near as possible to the house where he was born.

"ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU" there is no better Cough Medicine than KEATING'S LOZENGES. One gives relief; if you suffer from cough try them but once: they will cure, and they will not injure your health; they contain only the purest and simplest drugs, skilfully combined. Sold everywhere, in 1s½d. Tins.—[ADVT.]

ONE OF LORD LONSDALE'S "FINDS":—DEAD WHALE ON THE COAST OF BRISTOL BAY, ALASKA.

CHIEF CITIES AND TOWNS OF ENGLAND.

OXFORD.—II.

By G. A. B. DEWAR.

IMMEDIATELY in front of Keble College (briefly described last week) is the

University Park,

which stretches eastward from Keble to the wooded banks of the river Cherwell, one of the "sedged tributaries" of the Isis. Here is the 'Varsity cricket-ground and pavilion. On Sunday the Park is a very favourite walk for townspeople and undergraduates. Closely adjoining is the Observatory, built in 1873, and the University Museum. Beyond Keble and the park lies that part of the city in which many of the Oxford Professors and their families reside, and which forms a kind of suburb. Returning to the town from Keble, the beautiful College of Wadham is passed on the left. Over the high garden walls you may, in summer, see the luxuriant foliage of the various trees that flourish there. Mr. Ruskin, I have heard, has called Wadham

The Finest College.

It is well situated, just out of Broad-street, overlooking the famous Lime-tree Walk in the Trinity Gardens.

Wadham passed, we find ourselves once again in the heart of the city. In Catherine-street, as we make our way towards the High-street, is Hertford College on the left, with New College rather unfortunately placed in its rear. Hertford does not strike one as a college possessing much interest or beauty: its style of architecture is plain: yet, though the buildings are modern, this college is of ancient foundation, for we find mention made of Hertford Hall, as it was then called, as early as 1282. The name of Hertford Hall was changed in 1822 into that of Magdalen Hall, and finally, in 1874, into that which it bears at the present time. New is one of the largest and best of Oxford colleges: it is successful both in the schools and on the river. It has beautiful gardens, affording "a sweet, quiet, sacred, stately seclusion." The cloisters and the chapel are also well worth seeing. All Souls adjoins Hertford, one side fronting Catherine-street and another High-street. Here is the Codrington Law Library, and a

Wonderful Reredos,

which was lost sight of since the Reformation, till it was restored to its place and to the light of day some fifteen years ago. All Souls abounds in quaint bits of architecture, the roofs of the gateway and of the chapel entrance being of especial interest.

Opposite Hertford and All Souls, and on the east side of Catherine-street, is an almost confusing mass of magnificent University buildings—the Old Schools, the "Theatre," the Clarendon buildings, the Ashmolean Museum, the Bodleian Library, the Radcliffe Library, and St. Mary's or the University Church. Surely in no other city in the world is there another such group of buildings in so small a space! Weeks and months might be spent in examining them internally and externally without exhausting their interest. Let me advise those who have only a day, or, perhaps, only a few hours at their disposal, to ascend to the foot of the dome of the Radcliffe and get a view of the city and its surroundings, which will not quickly fade from the memory. Nor must the Bodleian be passed by. Within the almost sacred precincts of that library, surrounded on every side by rare old books and objects of priceless historical value, one may well forget the busy world outside and be carried back, as it were, to mediæval times. Quiet corners and recesses are provided for the benefit of students and general readers: there is every invitation to sit restfully and suffer oneself to become impregnated with the spirit of the past. I myself, however, must linger there in thought no longer, and must hasten to describe the finest of Oxford streets,

"The High,"

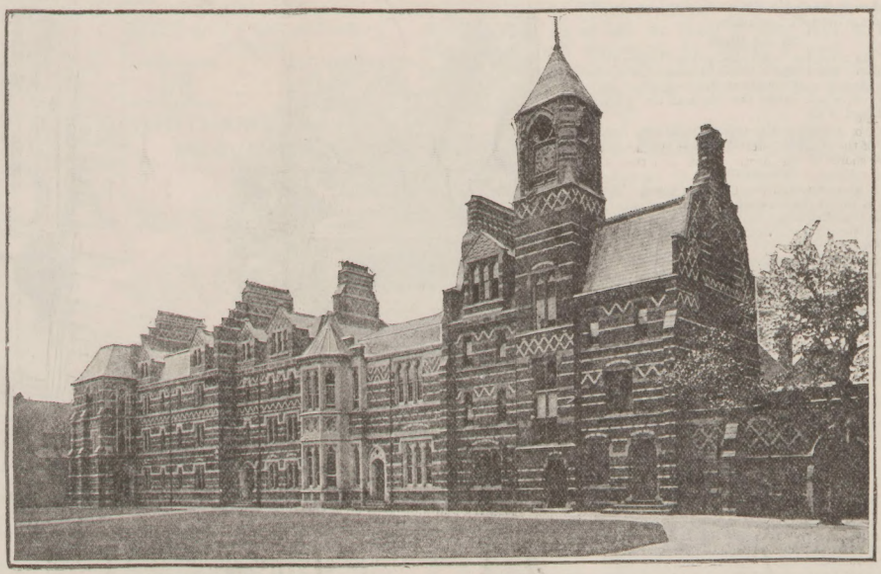
as it is always called by undergraduates, and often by the townspeople. The Corn-market may be brighter and more full of life, St. Giles and Broad-street even wider, but none of them can approach "The High" in its graceful and beautiful curves, and in the glory of its buildings. On one side are the New Schools and University College; on the other, All Saints' Church, St. Mary's Church, the frontage of All Souls, Queen's College, and, finally, at the extreme end of "The High," the College of

Magdalen.

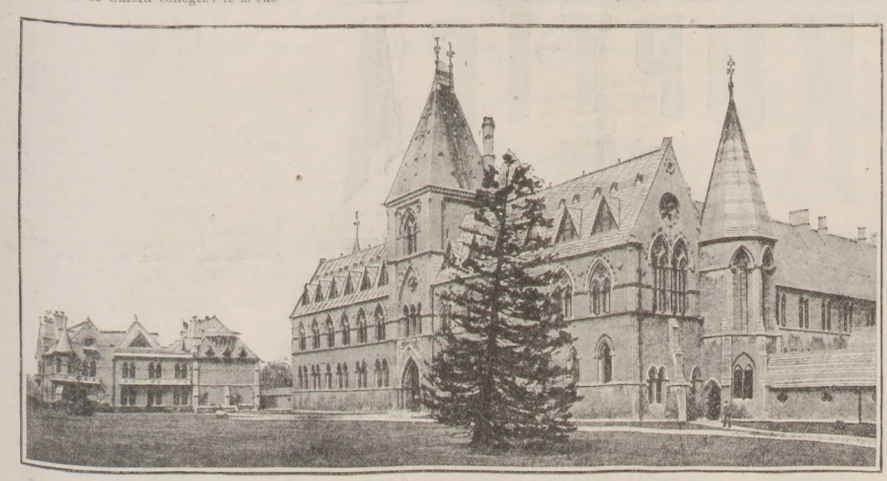
To wander in the quiet courts, the cloisters, and the gardens of this Queen of Colleges is to wander in an enchanted palace. The crowning glory of Magdalen is its tower, which is unrivalled in Oxford in its solemnity and architectural perfection; but, glancing at that splendid monument, one does not think of architecture. It seems to have stood there from time immemorial. Then the gardens, the meadows, and Deer Park of this college, how can they be described? Here is Addison's favourite walk, and here the Cherwell's richly wooded banks. At Magdalen there yet survives one of the ancient college customs: every May Day at five a.m. the choir sing a Latin hymn from the top of the tower.

South of the High there are five colleges and one hall—viz. Merton, Oriel, Corpus Christi ("the College of the Renaissance"), Christ Church (often known as "the House"), and Pembroke: the hall is that of St. Mary's, and is contiguous to Oriel.

Christ Church is by far the largest college in size: it is the "crack" college, and probably the most expensive. Everything about Christ Church is on a large scale: the Tom Quad is the largest in the University, and there are three other quads besides—Canterbury (very small),



OXFORD MIRRORED:—KEBLE COLLEGE: PUSEY BUILDINGS.
From the famous series of photographs published by Messrs. Frith and Co., Reigate.



OXFORD MIRRORED:—THE MUSEUM, KEBLE COLLEGE.
From the famous series of photographs published by Messrs. Frith and Co., Reigate.

OXFORD MIRRORED:—VIEW ON THE RIVER.
From the famous series of photographs published by Messrs. Frith and Co., Reigate.

Meadow Buildings, and Peckwater. The Meadow Buildings overlook the famous

Broad Walk

and the river Isis, where the college barges are moored. The Christ Church Meadows are very large, and they afford a beautiful walk along the Cherwell, which enters the Isis near the end of the Broad Walk.

In the midst of the college buildings, and; consequently, rather hidden from view at a distance, is the

Cathedral,

which also serves as the College Chapel. The Hall of Christ Church contains a portrait gallery of the past illustrious students of the college—among them may be noted Gladstone, by J. E. Millais.

Pembroke College should not be missed. It has an old and a new quad, and its hall, covered with creepers, is very pretty. The chapel, rather a plain building externally, has recently been richly decorated inside, and should be visited.

This was the college of Dr. Johnson, who lived over the gateway, and of the younger Hood, whose quaint rooms "between quad" the writer of this sketch inhabited for some years.

(*To be continued.*)

The Fine Art Exhibition at Mr. Mendoza's Galleries, 4A, King-street, St. James's, always worth a visit, comprises some vivid pen-and-ink drawings of Oxford, by Mr. Claude de Neuville, whose views should be of particular interest to readers of Mr. Dewar's descriptive account of Oxford in our pages.

"**Sell's Dictionary of the World's Press**" is a notable memorial of Mr. Henry Sell's industry and cosmopolitan knowledge of newspapers and newspaper men. It is a useful guide alike for journalists and for the advertising public, its serviceable articles and journalistic portrait-gallery distinguishing it from other Press publications. "Sell's Dictionary of the World's Press" is rapidly assuming the dimensions of the "Post Office London Directory."

A BRIGHT JOURNALIST.

FOREMAN (excitedly).—"Here's a go! Johnson, the murderer, has just been found innocent, and the Governor has telegraphed a pardon. We've got the whole account of the hanging set up, with illustrations, and the forme is on the press."

EDITOR (coolly).—"Don't get excited, my boy. Just set over the account, in large caps:—

"JOHNSON PARDONED!

"Below is a Full Account of What He Escaped!"

TOO PARTICULAR BY HALF.

"It seems ter me dat folks gets mighty 'ticular about lockin' up deir ole hencoops when the New Year comes erlong. How do dey 'speck honest poor fokes's goin' to get a dinner, I won'er?"

GOING DOWN HILL.

LITTLE BROTHER (thoughtfully): "I don't b'lieve there is any fairies."

Little Sister (shocked): "Oh, you bad, wicked agnostic! You'll be losing faith in Father Christmas next!"

ALL THE SAME.

MRS. H.: "Maggie, where do you suppose you will go if you tell such falsehoods as this?"

Maggie: "Sure, Ma'am, I don't care; I have friends in ayther place."

A SQUARE MEAL.

FRED (who has invited his friend to lunch): "Well, Jack, what's the news? Anything unusual in your line?"

Jack (a painter): "Yes; this" (eating his first mouthful with gusto).

DRURY-LANE (THE NATIONAL THEATRE). —TWICE DAILY, at 1.30 and 7.15, JACK AND THE BEANSTALK. Messrs. Nicholls, Leno, Laurie jun., Griffiths Brothers, Conquest jun., Leopold Bros., Pleon, Stanton, Abbs, Payne (clown), and Campbell; Misses Vernon, Faudelle, Hewitt, Wilson, Comyns, Charteris, Deering, Bennett, Grey, Ænea, and Duggan.

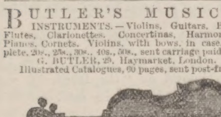
LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART. EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock, THE DEAD HEART. Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily, Ten to Five. Seats also booked by letter or telegram. LYCEUM.

ADELPHI.—A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.—Every Evening at Eight, LONDON DAY BY DAY, by Geo. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt. Doors open at Seven. Farce at 7.15. Box-office open daily, Ten to Five.

BIRKBECK BANK.—Established 1851. Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, W.C. THREE PER CENT INTEREST allowed on Deposits, repayable on demand, and Two per Cent on Current Accounts when not drawn below £100. No charge for keeping accounts. Stocks and Shares purchased and sold.
The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with particulars, on application. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

NAMES FOR BOOKS. 100 LABELS (cut and gummed), with your name neatly printed thereon, eight stamps. R. PETERS, Tovil, Maidstone.

BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Flutes, Clarionettes, Concertinas, Harmoniums, Pianos, Cornets. Violins, with bows, in case, complete, 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., sent carriage paid. G. BUTLER, 29, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Catalogues, 60 pages, sent post-free.



BUTLER'S BRASS-BAND INSTRUMENTS, Drums, Flutes, Clarionets, Cornets, Saxhorns, &c., in use in all parts of the world, giving universal satisfaction.—29, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Price-List post-free.

D'ALMAINE and CO. PIANOS and ORGANS. ABSOLUTE SALE. 50 per cent discount. Ten years warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas, 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.

Class 0, 14 gs.	Class 3, 23 gs.	Class 6, 35 gs.
Class 1, 17 gs.	Class 4, 26 gs.	Class 7, 40 gs.
Class 2, 20 gs.	Class 5, 30 gs.	Class 8, 45 gs.

American Organs, by all the best makers, from 4½ gs. upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars post-free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est. 104 years), 91, Finsbury-pavement, London.

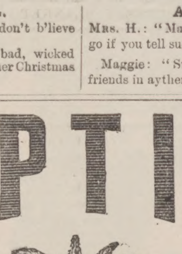
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of all kinds, and FITTINGS, at T. R. WILLIS ("Tower" Organ Works), 29, Minories, London. Established 1827.

VALUABLE FURS. — Immediate sacrifice, one-third value. Countless varieties. Real dark Russian Tail Boa, 10 ft., very full and soft, sacrifice 18s. 6d., value 50s.; flat Victorines, long, from 15s., to £6; short, from 7s. 6d. to £3; Capes, Jackets, &c.—Send bank or known reference, with price and colour for assortment, on approval, to National Fur Stores, 4 G, Harrow-road, W.

KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS have a reputation of over ONE HUNDRED YEARS, and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post, 34 stamps, from SANGER and SONS, 489, Oxford-street, London.

GOLDEN HAIR WASH.—Produces a golden colour after a few usings, 6s. post-free. Complexion Pills, 2s. 9d. Cantharides for Hair growth, 3s. 6d.—ALEX. ROSS, 21, Lamb's Conduit-st., London.

KOPTICA



CURES SCIATICA, CURES LUMBAGO,

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

GOUT, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, AND ALL KINDRED DISEASES.

KOPTICA, by its wonderful resolvent properties, disperses and eradicates the morbid conditions from which such diseases spring, scientifically combating the cause. **KOPTICA** is a pure vegetable remedy guaranteed free from Strychnine, Arsenic, Colchicum, Belladonna, Henbane, Aconite, and all other injurious drugs, and can therefore be taken by the most delicate with the greatest confidence that it is thoroughly harmless—hence **KOPTICA** cures when all other remedies fail, and is a thoroughly genuine remedy, which ought to be in every household for use when required. It is without doubt the best and most reliable medicine of the age for the diseases named.

THIS IS THE SORT OF LETTER WE ARE RECEIVING DAILY.

Rev. D. G. DAVIS writes:—

"Shirenewton Rectory, Chepstow, Mon.; Nov. 23, 1889.

"Will you kindly send me three bottles of your **KOPTICA CURE?** One small bottle completely cured a labouring man who was suffering from violent neuralgia of head and face.—Yours truly, D. G. DAVIS, Rector."

The Prices are 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d., and the bottles contain, respectively, 12, 36, and 60 doses.

KOPTICA *can be obtained from every Chemist and Patent Medicine Vendor throughout the World.*

Ask your Chemist for **KOPTICA,** and if he has not got it in stock, and he is an obliging man, he will get it for you; if not, send stamps and 2d. extra for postage to

"KOPTICA CURE," 392, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THE NEW MODEL STEAM-ENGINE.—Will work by steam for half an hour. Strong metal boiler, flywheel, man-hole, furnace, &c., complete. Carriage free, 15 stamps.—J. J. CARTER, Matthias-road, Stoke Newington, London, N.

1s. 6d. GOLD! GOLD! 1s. 6d. For Eighteen Stamps I will send, FOR THIS MONTH ONLY, An ASSYRIAN GOLD CURB or FETTER LINK GENTLEMAN'S ALBERT CHAIN. The links are every one stamped 18c., and cannot be told from one costing 20 guineas.
J. J. CARTER, Importer, MATTHIAS-ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON, LONDON, N.

1s. PHILADELPHIA POCKET 1s. 1s. TIME INDICATOR. 1s. (Patented). Size and shape of an ordinary watch; strong metal cases, steel works, balanced action, enamelled dial, crystal glass dome, patent adjusting swivel ring for attaching to watch-guard. Each denotes correct solar time, and is warranted for five years. Post-free, 1s. 3d. Two for 2s. 3d.
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THE "PARKER" UMBRELLA (Registered). Patronised by Royalty. 5000 SILK UMBRELLAS, 2s. 6d. each, direct from the Manufacturers, Ladies' or Gents'; Plain or Twill Silk; Parker's hollow Ribbed Frames, beautifully carved and mounted sticks. Sent, Parcel Post free, 2s. 9d. or 36 stamps, 15,000 Sold in Twelve Months. Re-covering, &c., neatly done—J. B. PARKER, Umbrella Works, Broom Close, Sheffield.

SIX CABINET PORTRAITS, 3s.; Three for 2s. Twelve Carte Portraits, 2s. 2d.; Six for 1s. 4d. Eight-inch Enlargement, 3s.; Three for 6s. Send Carte or Cabinet and Postal Order, and in about ten days you will receive Highly Finished Copies with Original. FRANCIS and CO., 29, Ludgate-hill, London.

WHISKERS, &c.—BALDNESS. Whiskerine positively forces luxuriant growth in a few days. Surprises everybody. Will prove it or forfeit £100. Free, 12 stamps.—J. RENNIE, Chemist, St. Luke's, Cork. Only test it.

£6 MONTHLY may be added to income by selling our celebrated TEAS in Packets, French COFFEE in Tins, and COCOA. Write for particulars to OLIVER, OLIVER, and CO., 317, Southgate-road, London.

£2 Weekly Realised by Either Sex without hindrance to present occupation. For sample, &c., inclose addressed envelope to EVANS, WATTS, and CO. (P 5), Merchants, Birmingham.

WATCHES.—In Bankruptcy. 500 Solid SILVER WATCHES, four holes jewelled, 10s. 6d. each; superior ditto, 12s. 6d. Being genuine, any sent post-free on approval.—BENNETT, Practical Maker, Accountant, and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey. Lists and Prices of others post-free.

LEVER WATCHES—LEVER WATCHES. WHY go to large shops and pay five guineas, when you can buy the same with a five-years warranty for Two Guineas? Sent on approval post-free.—BENNETT, Practical Maker and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey.

CLOCKS—IN BANKRUPTCY—CLOCKS. 500 LARGE MARBLE CLOCKS, variegated pillars, gold lines, going 15 days, 15s. 6d. each. Any sent on approval, with five years' warranty.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

MUSICAL BOXES—IN BANKRUPTCY. 150 LARGE powerful-tone BOXES, playing six tunes, 30s.; usual price, £4 4s. 100 ditto, playing eight tunes, extra large, £2 2s.; usual price, £6 6s. Any sent on approval. List of tunes post-free.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, for Varicose and Weakness, 5s.; Knee-caps, Leggings, Anklets, 3s. 6d., 4s. each; Railway Conveniences, 12s. 6d.; Suspensory Bandages, 2s. 9d. Illustrations, 4 stamps. MILLIKIN and LAWLEY, 165, Strand, London.

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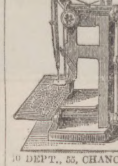

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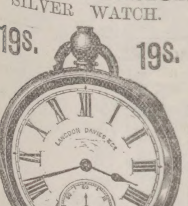

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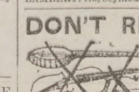

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